

Vermont *Life*

Summer

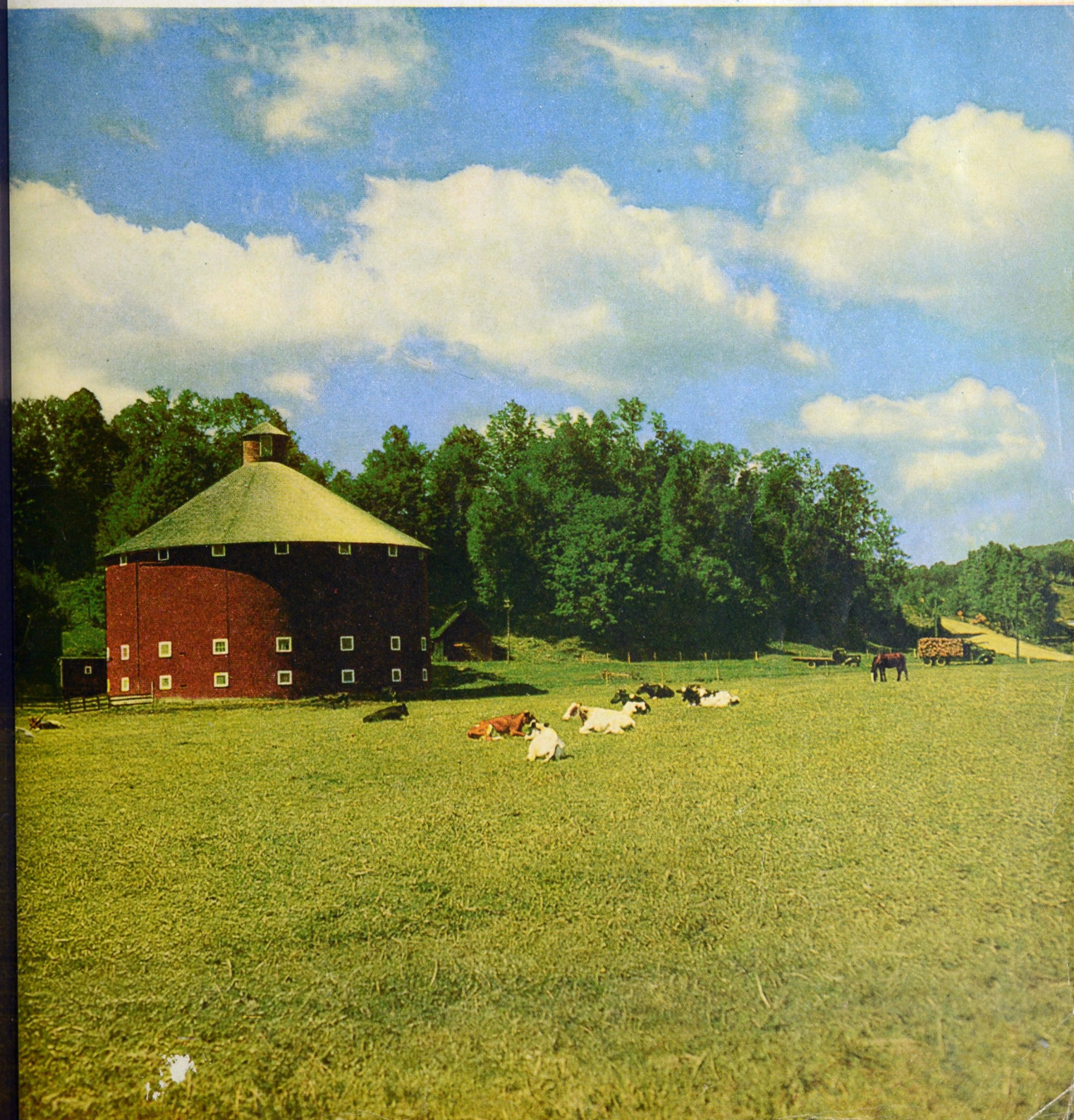
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EARLE NEWTON, *Editor-in-Chief*
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DO YOU REMEMBER WILLIE?

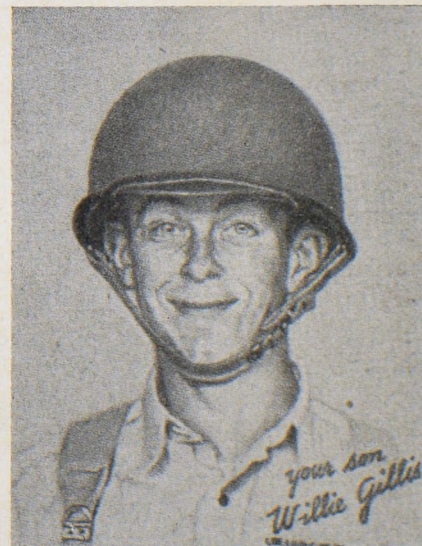
Sirs:

Remember Willie Gillis, hero of Norman Rockwell's most popular series of covers for the *Saturday Evening Post*? Guess what he is doing now? No, guess again. He has opened a beauty shop, "Robert's Beauty Shop," adjoining "Joe's Barber Shop," on Main Street in our village. And with never a *Post* cover in it—yet.

His name, as you may remember, is Robert Buck and he hails from West Rupert. After completing his three-year hitch in the Navy and, according to the last Willie Gillis cover, settling down at Middlebury College, he decided to be "more practical" and took a year's G. I. training in Beauty Culture at Hartford, Conn. and nearly a year in California. Now here he is, still a bachelor, and looking exactly like Norman's pictures.

He did nothing exciting in the Navy and is "just starting out" now. . . . Isn't he a true Vermonter not to think of capitalizing on his reputation as Willie G.?

MARY GILBERT SMITH, Wallingford



»Norman Rockwell says this cover resulted in a torrent of letters from Gillis's all over the country. Incidentally, NR found Robert Buck at a square dance.—ED.

MATTHEW LYON

Sirs:

The disappointment of friends and local acquaintances prompts me to write to you about the oversight on your part in failing to give me due mention for my

(Continued on page 32)

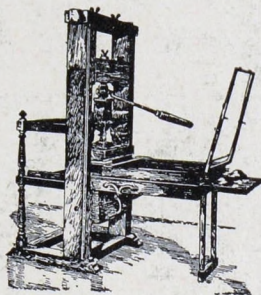
BACK ROAD TOURING

In the first place perhaps, before the *Post Boy* offers suggestions which may lead you into becoming a Back Road Tourist, he had better make a few prefatory remarks and issue a warning. The *Post Boy* recalls the time when he, carried away by the joy of exploring what is known as Vermont's (now here's a word we dislike to use so we offer it with apologies) hinterland, poured forth his feelings to the late Frank N. Doubleday, the publisher. These particular wanderings had involved a trip over a little used mountain road, easily negotiated by our small light puddlejumper. Mr. Doubleday was a new Vermont summer resident then. He knew where the sign was at which one deserted the main highway.

A few days later this Vermont novice reported to the *Post Boy* a most enjoyable and exciting trip over the route recommended. He was profuse in his thanks for the information and for the chance to get into the real Vermont, unspoiled and unpaved. Later the *P.B.* received a report from the navigator on Mr. Doubleday's voyage into the unknown. It was not enthusiastic. His remarks were critical, profuse and somewhat profane. The vehicle was a large, heavy, and new Packard. The trip had involved no little road construction, some timber cutting on sharp curves—bends is a better word—and miles of heart-straining uncertainty as to the completion of the journey in one piece.

With the above transaction in mind as a warning perhaps it will be well to divide our subject into two parts. First there are those so-called dirt roads which so often branch off to the left or right from the main route. You can judge by the signs on the sign-posts and by the look of the road how backroadsy it really is. This will be safe for any usual modern car even if it's low and wide. Frequently the explorer will find, even on the map, a road running parallel to the main numbered route which usually follows the valley along the stream. Often these branch roads here and there connect with these other less traveled highways which follow the hills and foothills. You see, the early comers usually settled on the higher ground and most of the towns were first laid out on the hills. They did this of course to avoid getting their feet and everything else wet. It was drier on the higher ground and not so cold in winter. Often—and to our view unfortunately—when the grist mill on the tumbling stream had drawn other things to the streams edge, and most especially when the rail-

GREEN MOUNTAIN *Postboy*



Conducted by
WALTER HARD

road intruded on the peaceful scene, some towns picked up bodily and moved down, houses, church and all. In such cases you'll find cellar holes and some lilacs on the hill and the village street down in the valley.

Yes, we know; we were going exploring first say, along one of these hill roads that skirt the valley, and from which, through the trees, you may catch glimpses of the hurrying road with a hard surface and a number. For the reason mentioned above, you may likely find the oldest houses on these back hill-following roads. Pretty good farms too, often with more level land, as Vermont goes, than you'd expect. On a hot summer day draw up beside that brook where the water follows a wooden trough into a moss-covered half-sunken tub. Over there you can see the hot, sunny, proud, through-highway with things hurrying along to get somewhere. Let them go. You already are somewhere. Somewhere that offers a moment's peace to your soul. You are perhaps near to the heart of Vermont.

Ho hum! Too bad to leave it. Never mind, you'll find many more if you keep on being a Back Road Tourist.

The next higher degree in this especial lodge can only be entered with any comfort, if you are too poor to have one of those long, sleek, low-hung, mile eaters. Just any ordinary car, with something under the hood and high enough so a respectable waterbar can slide under it without bumping its head, will let you branch off from even the hill road. You may very likely be heading uphill and

possibly you may go on that way until you find you have climbed that mountain range and are slipping down into a new valley. Perhaps way down there you may see the proud paved and numbered road hurrying along *its* valley. Hate to get back into that faster pace? Wait a bit and you'll probably find this valley's hill road.

Sure, you may get lost but what are a few wandering miles among friendly hills? You keep wondering where you'll come out on the map that spurns errant, unreformed roads. All of a sudden you emerge from the woods and there you are, back in the main stream again.

Or you may end up at a gate across a grass-grown track. The *Post Boy* did one time. As he opened the gate he heard an unmistakable model T huffing and puffing. He drove into the meadow as the ancient boiled up the last pitch. He asked the driver, as he stopped to cool off, where they were. "Well," he said looking off into space and removing his hat,—just to cool his head—"you ain't much of any wheres."

We can't say "get out of the rut," because you may likely get into one, nor can we advise you not to be "a stick-in-the-mud" for it might happen that's just where you would stick. Well, what of it? You should have a good long handled shovel in the back anyhow. It might be well to have a pail too in case she gets to boiling on one of those grades. But after all, if you are going to be a 2d degree Back Road Tourist, you've got to be equipped with a spirit of adventure or you'll worry yourself sick before you get to the first steep pitch. Otherwise you'd better stick to the first degree.

Just between us, if you do get stuck and need help, you'll likely find some awfully nice folks along those quiet roads. Even if you don't get stuck but just want directions or just an excuse, stop in. Somehow the *Post Boy* has a notion that it's along roads such as these that you'll find what has come to be called "Unspoiled Vermont." Mayhap some unspoiled Vermonters too. END

Picture Story Prizes

FIRST PRIZE \$25.00

BARREL BARNS

BY Leo Litwin

SECOND PRIZE: \$15.00

FARMER'S FIELD DAY

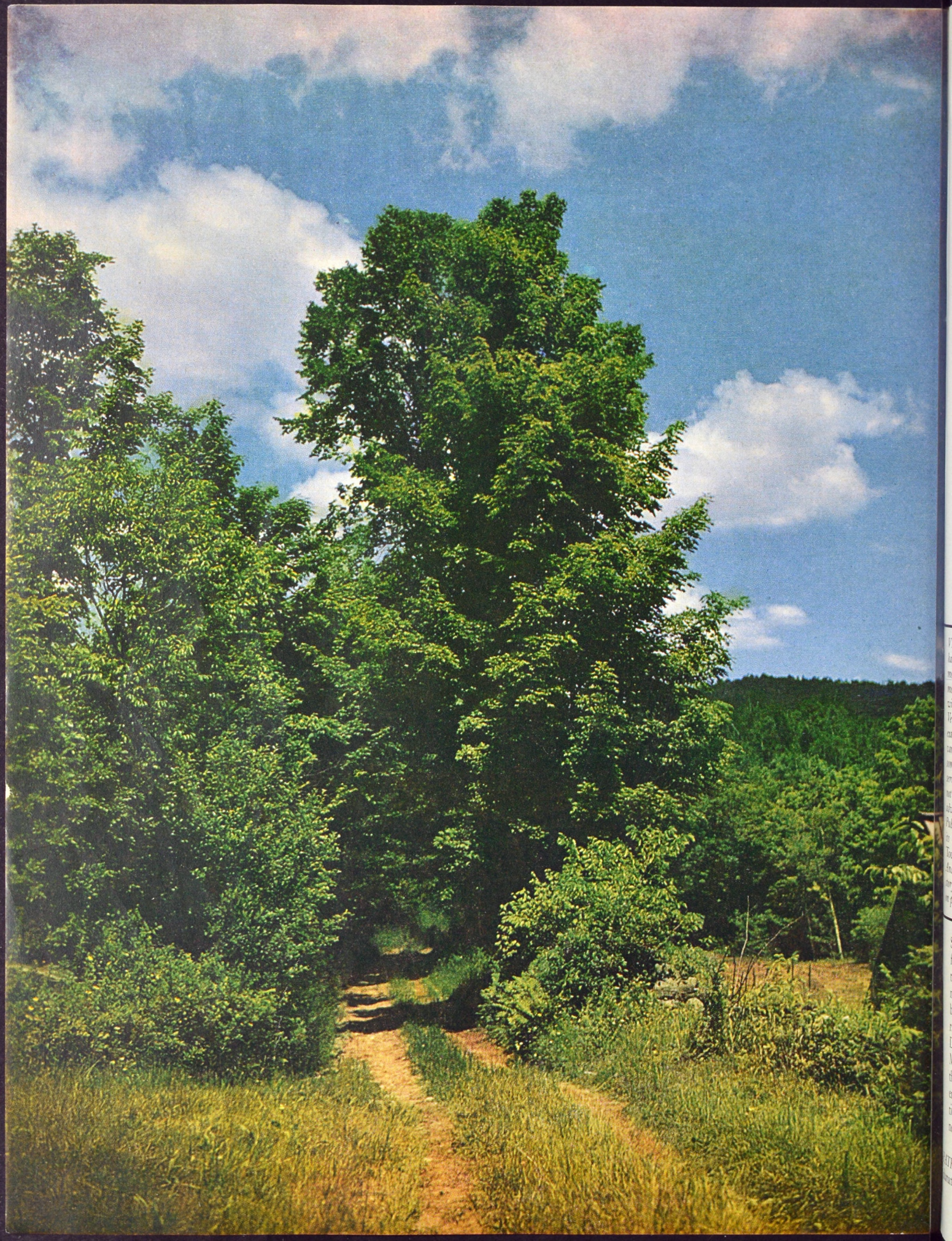
BY Violet Chatfield

THIRD PRIZE: \$10.00

STRAWBERRY FESTIVAL

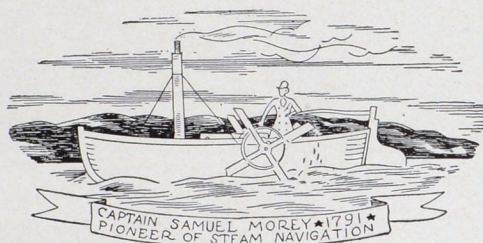
BY Phillip Hastings

COVER by LEO LITWIN





SAMUEL MOREY, PIONEER INVENTOR, gave his name to the lovely Vermont lake where, before 1795, he ran his experimental steamboat. His internal combustion engine, in modern motor cars, now brings thousands of seekers after summer recreation to his home town.



MOREY

By Harrison Fowler

UNDISTURBED by the throaty roar of massive ocean liners and the impertinent whistling of tugboats in the busy harbors of the world, what may be the first of all steamboats sleeps peacefully at the bottom of lovely Lake Morey in Fairlee, Vermont. There, if more than tradition be correct, at a spot near the head of the lake and on the east side, Captain Morey's steamboat was sunk.

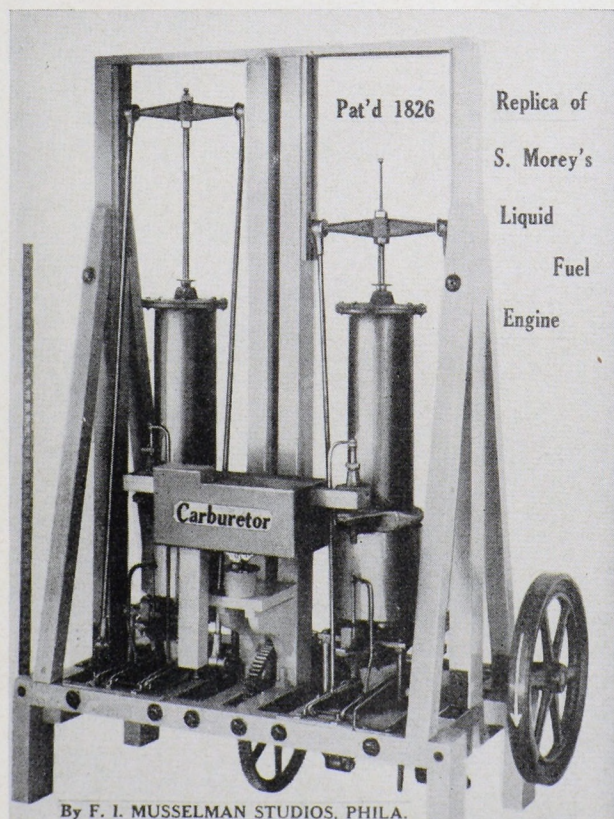
Over a decade before Robert Fulton sailed the Hudson in his steamboat, in 1807, Morey's nineteen foot steamer, propelled by twin paddle wheels and powered by a two cylinder engine, for which President George Washington later signed a patent March 25, 1795, was navigating the Connecticut River. On the shore of the lake near what is now the lovely Lake Morey Inn—where summer visitors enjoy the beauty, the quiet, and the splendid hospitality of one of Vermont's finest hotels—Captain Morey in the early 1790's built the first steamboat. A careful workman, aided by ingenious Vermont craftsmen, he put into practical use steam as the propelling agent for modern transportation. With a prophecy far beyond any knowledge the inventor could have had, the concluding description in the patent says, "the motion and force from the ascent and descent of the Pistons may with the greatest ease be communicated either by a Crank, or chain and wheels to propel boats of any size, and to almost all other purposes affected by men or horses, and which requires a regular motion, as well as to all uses to which the common Steam Engines are now applied."

The first experimental journeys of this remarkable boat were made on Lake Morey around whose shores summer

VERMONT RECREATION has long since become one of the most significant aspects of Vermont life. Beginning last issue with an article on Essex County, Vermont Life will roam the state examining the recreational life of various parts of the state, and some of the unique resorts which serve the traveler. Since we cannot touch all of them, readers are advised to write the Vermont Publicity Service, Montpelier, for its invaluable booklet Hotels, Tourist Homes and Cabins. And don't miss, in this issue, the story of Basin Harbor, beginning on page 42.

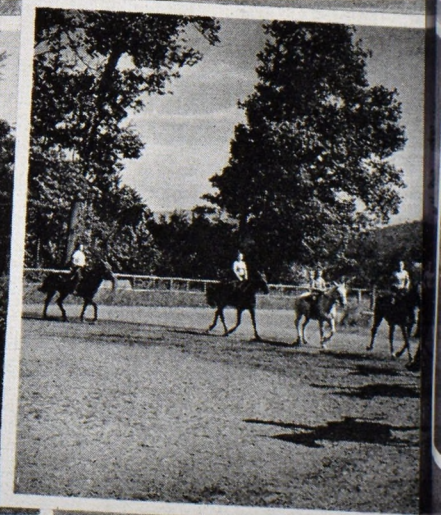
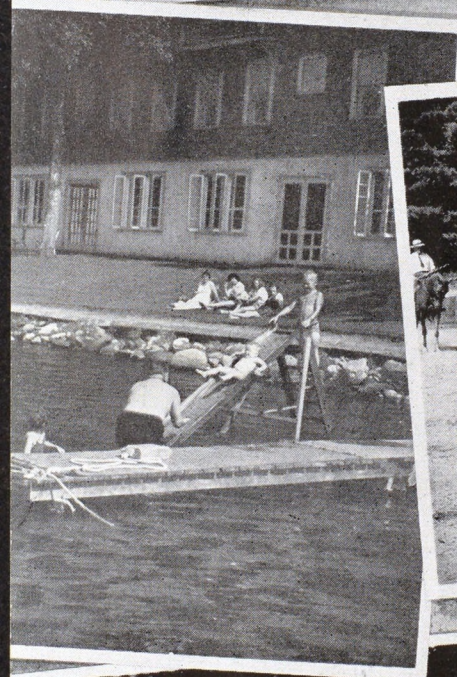
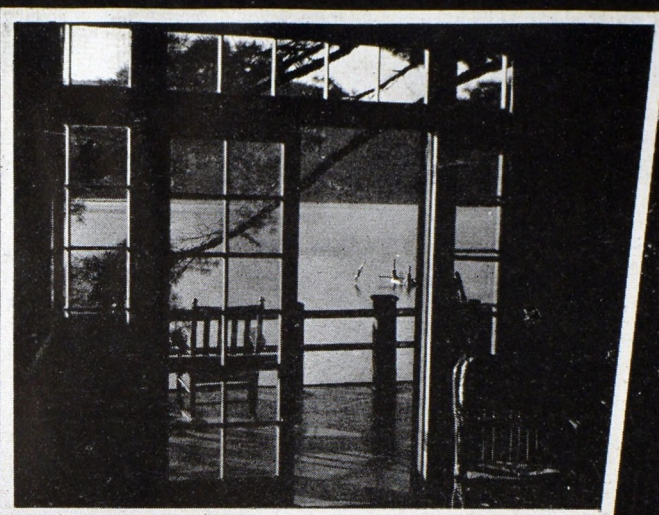
EDITOR.

SAMUEL MOREY perfected a liquid fuel, internal combustion engine more than seventy years before Ford and Duryea ran their first automobiles. Duryea has acknowledged Morey as the inventor of the internal combustion engine, which has revolutionized the tourist business.



By F. I. MUSSELMAN STUDIOS, PHILA.

-PATRIARCHAL TREES, stone walls, and inviting woods roads characterize the unspoiled Connecticut Valley countryside near Fairlee.





guests at the inns and camps enjoy beaches, woodlands and scenery of this beautiful lake. Before 1795 residents along the banks of the Connecticut became accustomed to seeing Captain Morey steaming up and down the river. As new improvements were developed, more patents on the steam engine were carefully registered with the United States Patent Office. But Morey was an inventor and engineer, a scientist and not a promoter. Disillusioned, disgruntled and hurling stormy phrases at Fulton and



A MULTITUDE of modern recreational activities busy the shores and waters of the lake where Samuel Morey tried out—and in discouragement perhaps sank—his experimental steamboat.



GOLFING is an activity made famous by the unexcelled facilities of the Lake Morey Inn. And the waters of the lake itself provide swimming for the natorial enthusiasts.

Livingston whom he believed stole his patents, the salty tongued Morey is said finally to have filled his steamer with rocks and sunk it.

Realizing that his grasp on one major invention had eluded him, Morey turned his genius in 1818 toward the development of internal combustion as a possible substitute for steam power, and on April 1, 1826 he received a patent for a gas and vapor engine signed by John Quincy Adams, then President, and Henry Clay, Secretary of State.

If the steamboat was not a distinct factor in developing Lake Morey as one of the finest vacation areas in New England, surely the new turpentine engine with "the preparation box," now known to modern engineers as the carburetor, made it possible to develop the modern gasoline powered automobile. And it is the automobile which brings most of the visitors to Vermont's lovely vacation centers, like Lake Morey.

Yet if it had not been for a breakdown in one of the early Stanley Steamer automobiles one of Lake Morey's attractive summer resorts, Bonny Oaks, might never have been developed.

The founder, Dr. E. H. Page, professional man from Massachusetts, started on a trip north to visit his mother. His vehicle went dead on him near Fairlee and as the repairs would require some time, he registered with his wife at the Lake Morey Inn. Both were entranced by the beauty of the lake, and before resuming their trip the following morning made a complete circuit of the lake's shores. This resulted in their establishing a summer home near the northern end of the lake. When it was completed they invited friends to visit them. The friends too liked the lake and the surrounding countryside, and insisted upon becoming paying guests. Other friends of the Pages wanted to vacation in that area, and gradually Dr. Page increased his holdings. As years went on, Bonny Oaks grew steadily and eventually an entirely new project was started around the northern end of the lake. Today Bonny Oaks and Garden Side with their numerous bungalows and the annex entertain hundreds of guests.

Just as with care, ingenuity and patience Samuel Morey designed and created the improved steam engine and the internal

combustion engine, so have Vermonters developed their recreation and vacation facilities in their state. Modern in its planning yet conservative in its plans, the vacation appeal of this beautiful section of Vermont in and around Lake Morey attracts more and more guests each year. Careful to build a reputation of genuine hospitality, new friends and old look forward to their Vermont vacations. Probably many people come to Vermont for the variety of recreation which may be found in the state. Guests at the Lake Morey Inn enjoy the 18-hole golf course, the fine Kentucky riding horses, the bathing beach, restful boating on the lake, and, of course, the good food and splendid accommodations which are available. From early spring until late autumn the country is beautiful in each of its stages, from the early green shades to the deep flaming autumn reds.

And in Fairlee, as in all of Vermont, the neighbors and the summer guests join together in many community events, such as the Annual Fairlee Day. This day, held every August, is a sort of local Mardi Gras which usually includes a food and fancy goods sale at the church, sporting events, a ball game, water sports, a parade with floats, and then to top the day off, a dance at the Lake Morey Casino where prizes are awarded. In keeping with Vermont tradition, too, the proceeds of all the day's activities go to the white church in Fairlee Square.

Whether guests enjoy leisurely strolls around the town or the more vigorous events at the golf course and on the bridle trails, or if they simply want to go for beautiful rides around the back-road country and relax, all of these things are available. And particularly for those who like to be where things of great importance have once happened, there is the fun of daydreaming about the trials and tribulations, successes and triumphs of Samuel Morey whose inventive genius was nurtured in this country. Probably, someday, someone will get a fish hook caught in one of the first, if not the first, steamboats built in the world. It may even be that some explorer with modern devices will cruise over the northeastern part of Lake Morey and actually locate the site where the Captain is said to have sunk his boat. While the explorer who is successful in locating the first steamer may bask in the fame of his discovery, there are still other daydreamers who like the aura of mystery and the opportunity for discussions which form the basis of many quiet evening talks about one of the world's great inventors. END

LAKE MOREY, whose blue waters entrance vacationists today, was once the scene of Captain Samuel Morey's experiments with steam navigation. Legend has it that he sunk his last seamboat beneath its waters.



MOREY BRIDGE connects Fairlee with Orford, N. H., across the Connecticut River. Morey lived on both sides of the river, and ran his first boat on its waters.



SYLVAN SETTING near Morey's home in Orford, now a water hole for today's children.





Text and Pictures

BY PHILIP R. HASTINGS

AMONG the once-beloved institutions which today are gradually disappearing from the American scene are community socials and church suppers. In the horse and buggy days of not so many years ago group entertainment relied heavily upon gatherings of this sort, particularly in rural areas where outlying farm families were eager for an opportunity to come to town and "socialize" with other folks. Nowadays commercial enterprises have usurped the entertainment field, and even the most isolated farm families are only a few minutes from neighbors by automobile. Nevertheless, folks still like to get together for a good feed and gabfest and therefore suppers and socials are not yet extinct in country villages. Particularly in tradition-steeped New England one may come upon a cross roads hamlet in the early dusk of a summer evening and observe a gathering of cars about a white-steepled church. The stained glass windows of the chapel are dark but downstairs the vestry windows are cherry with light as a happy hum of voices mingles with the clash of bean fork and pie knife.

The annual "Strawberry Festival" held at Bradford, Vermont is a present day example of the good old church social. Bradford is a typical New England village, situated in the fertile valley of the Connecticut River, and is, as would be expected, predominantly a farming community. It so happens that the broad river valley fields provide an unusually good habitat for strawberries so local farmers have devoted considerable attention to raising this fruit. Bradford's annual crop of thirty thousand quarts of extra-fine berries has placed the village in a position of considerable agricultural prominence in the region and has also brought a sizeable amount of cash into the pockets of its farmers. Consequently, it has been a custom in Bradford for many years to observe the berry harvest

season in a properly staid New England manner with a church social known traditionally as "Strawberry Festival."

Of a fine, warm evening in early July Townsfolk meander up elm-lined Main Street to one of the two churches of the village where tables are spread on the lawn. Here they seat themselves for a chat with good friends and neighbors while they enjoy delicious strawberry concoctions from the church kitchen, produce of their own labor. Strawberry shortcake is the *pièce de résistance* with extra attractions of strawberries and cream and strawberry sundaes. Berries for the Festival are donated by farmer church members while the ladies make the pastries and take care of the kitchen work. Proceeds from the social go to the church. The whole affair is a fine example of community spirit and neighborliness in a world which could use much more of the same.

The Maitland Jenkins farm, one of the largest strawberry producers in Bradford, shares the rich soil of this section of the Connecticut River Valley. Strawberries grow at ground level and must be picked with care to avoid crushing or bruising the tender fruit.

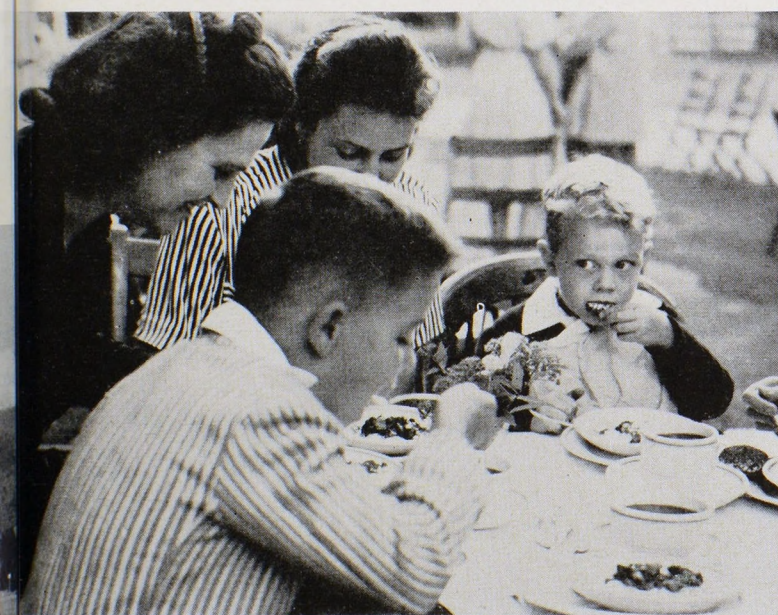




LOCAL young people pick berries for eight cents per basket. They bring their overflowing baskets to the collecting shed in carriers.



7 P.M. and the kitchen is geared for top production of shortcake (previously baked in home kitchens), sundaes and berries with cream.



THIS little fellow seems to be wishing he had as big a mouth as his older companion so that he might get at another sundae a bit quicker.

DARKNESS deepens and most folks in the community have had their turn at the tables on the church lawn. The supply of berries is gone.



TABLES are filled all evening as folks drop by to enjoy the local produce served with a generous portion of neighborly conversation.

THE LADIES are tired but happy as they clean up after raising a sum of money for the church and bringing community folks closer.

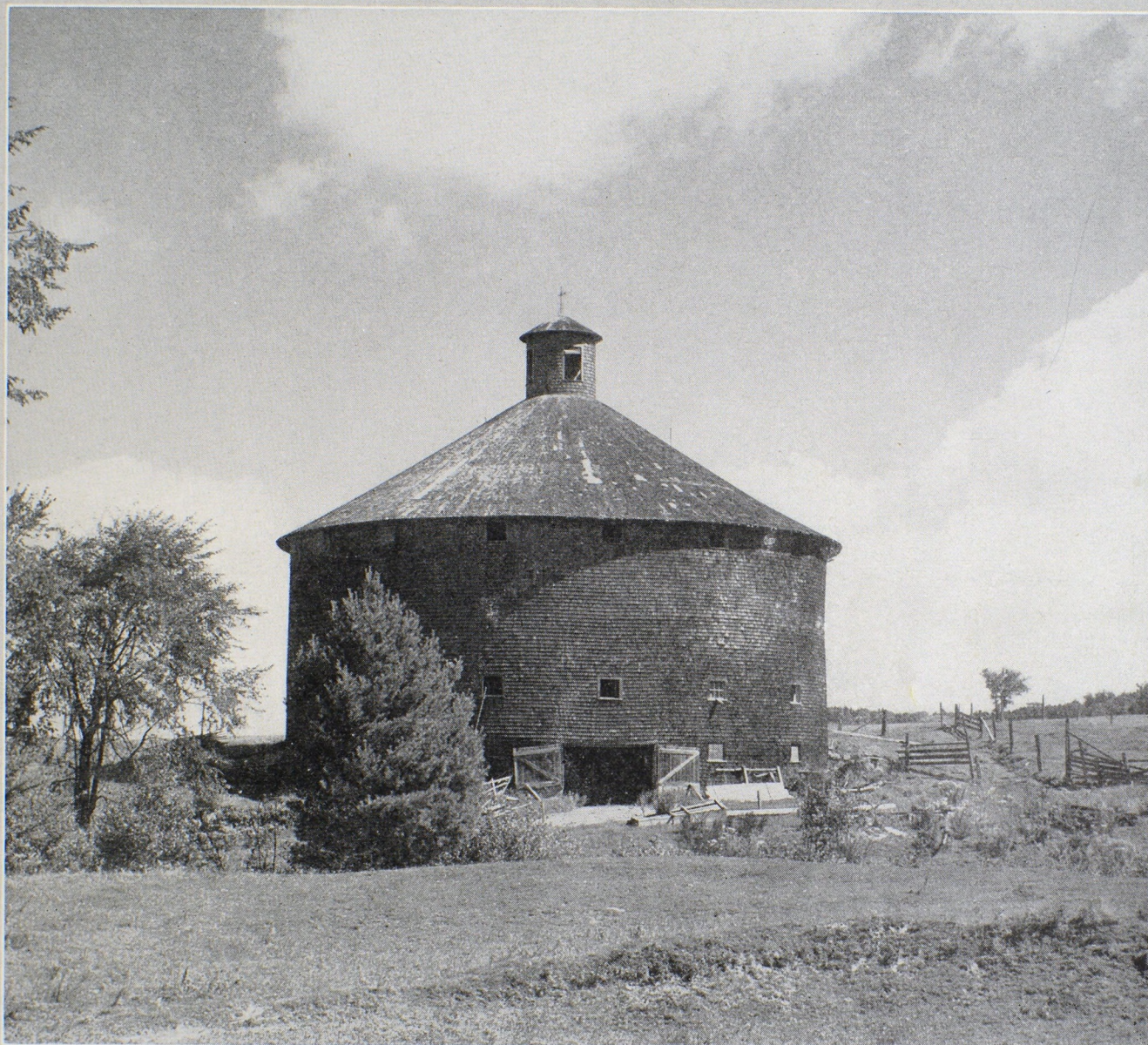




The old settlers say, "They built them round so the devil couldn't corner you." Believers in old superstitions find the round barn a fertile hiding place for old witches' tales. Actually, there were no hiding places,—because in round buildings there are no corners to hide in, and therein lies the real reason for the existence of what few round barns are left today.

Like the old covered bridge, the remaining barrel barns are eventually headed for oblivion. As the march of progress has overtaken all ancient structures, so has it crept up on old bridges and barns, and outmoded all such landmarks according to our present-day standards. Today no farmer would consider building a circular barn, even though the present

BARREL BARNs

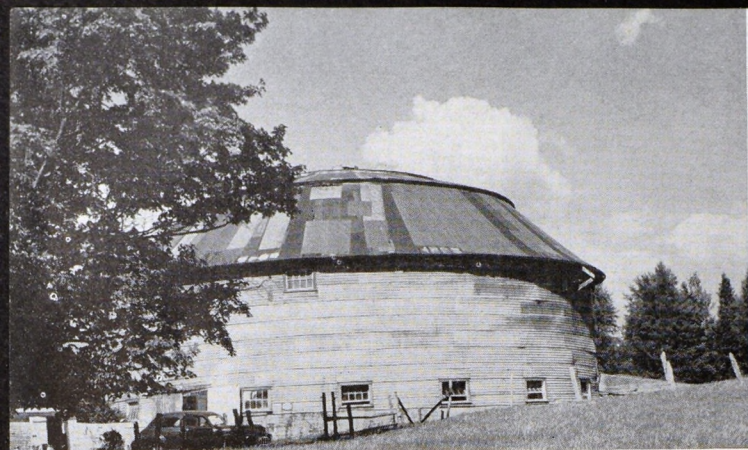


owners heartily endorse the many conveniences not found in the conventional barn.

Easier to clean (no corners to sweep); easier feeding from the center silo; easier loading of hay into the barn, are a few of the many advantages of the round barn. The hay is carted to the second floor, where it is unloaded to the center silo and then pulled out below as needed.

The foundation is built entirely different from the regular barn, and no framework of the usual type is used. Most of the structures are painted the usual country red, and one owner at East Calais, seventy-six years young, said that his barn should be painted every five years,—but with all the cows, horses and





←ROBBINS FARM,
on the road between
Derby and Morgan.



← IRASBURG

NORTH TROY
JAY ↓





chickens to care for, he just doesn't find the extra time to do much painting.

Most of these structures were built around the turn of the century, and practically all of them are in the northern part of Vermont, near the border of Canada. These peculiar round barns, unique, in a way to Vermont, have been found in oddly separated townships. East Calais has two, both painted red. Jay and Fairlee also have red barns, while Irasburg has two close together and, like the one in Weathersfield, unpainted, with the wood left to weather like the old covered bridges. Other round barns have been found at Newport, North Troy, and on the road between Albany and Craftsbury Common.

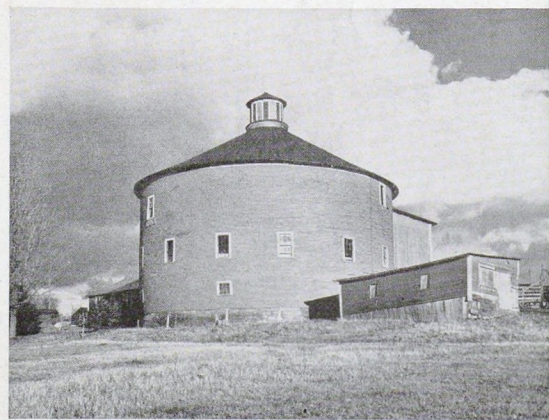
Vermont farmers are conservative in all details, and that also applies to their property. The writer observed one round barn in Thetford Mines, P. Q., last summer that not only had two flying horses painted on the outside wall, but had large signs telling the world that the owner sold horses and cows. No such markings have been observed on any of

these Vermont landmarks (Vermont farmers seem to prefer to keep their property unspoiled by advertising), and these barns certainly add another bit of quaint Americana to the Vermont scene.

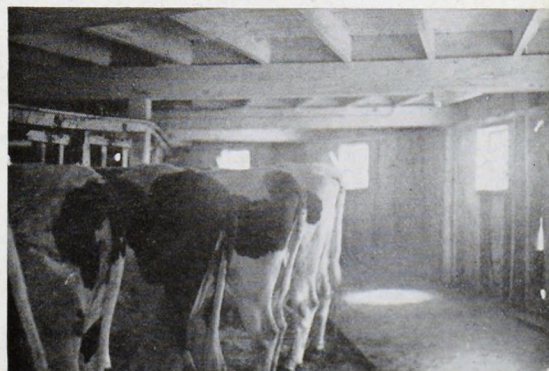
Occasionally people have digressed from round barns to build themselves a circular house, but most of these have been octagonal, rather than completely round. However, in the town of Brookline an old schoolmaster who, before he entered the teaching profession was known as the highway brigand "Thunderbolt Wilson," erected a round brick schoolhouse, purportedly to make himself less easily apprehended or, as legend has it, less easily "cornered."

Whatever the reason for making these structures circular, the fact remains that they are fast disappearing, and no new ones are being built. Facetious remarks notwithstanding, there were and still are definite advantages to these round structures, and their owners to this day not only are great boosters for them, but advocate unsuccessfully that more be built.

END



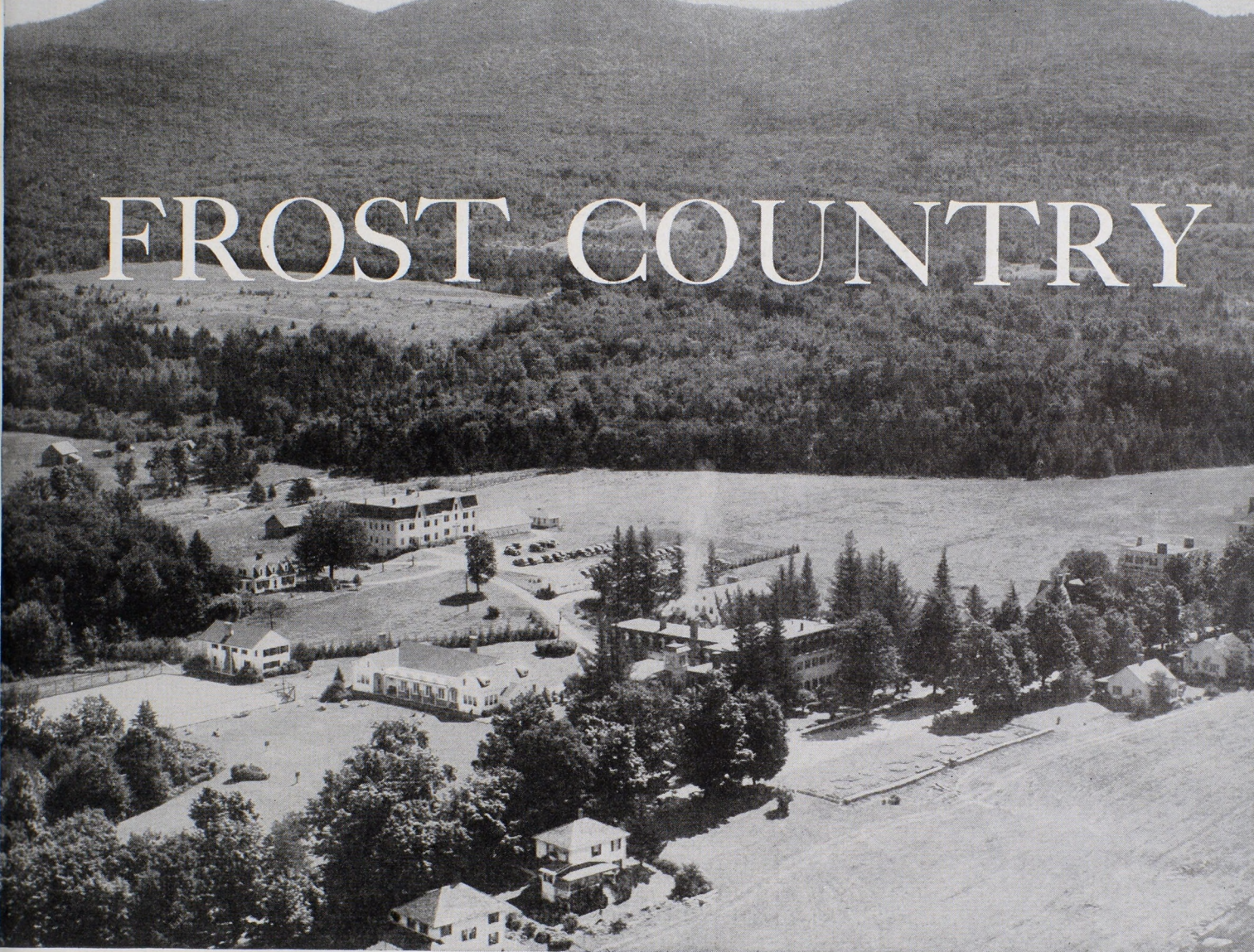
EAST CALAIS: Carlisle Southwick's Grandview Farms. Barn built in 1911.



INTERIOR: Note how cows are ranged in a circle around the center. Hay can be pitched down for feeding in a single spot.→



FROST COUNTRY



TWENTY-FIVE years ago Robert Frost said with a chuckle that he never went to a place to live unless it lay north of Boston. He laid a ruler on a map to be safe. Since, he has often been caught out-of-bounds, but he remains the *genius loci* of upper New England. A ruler laid across a map of New England shows that Amherst, Massachusetts on the northwest, and Sugar Hill, New Hampshire on the northeast, bound the heart of a country in which he is as much the tutelary spirit as William Barnes and Thomas Hardy were in Dorsetshire or Walt Whitman was of Paumanok.

Neither a mythical country like Cabell's Poictesme, nor an imaginary one superimposed upon an actual one like Lewis' Mid-American Winnemac, the Frost country is geographically identifiable names on the land and places on the map, like Lawrence and Methuen, Derry and West Running brook, South Shaftsbury and Ripton. It is Frost's point-of-vantage,

By REGINALD L. COOK
Director Breadloaf School of English

its folk his subject-matter, its idiom his kinspeech, its landscape his daily observation.

"Literature," he once said, "begins with geography." It does for him. He does his thinking, in his own words, "out of the local." His materials—an abandoned cottage, mending wall, a tuft of butterfly weed, a young birch, the first onset of snow, a hill wife, a gum-gatherer, a runaway Morgan colt, a hillside thaw, dark woods on a snowy evening—are out of the loca. Long spiny ranges of evergreen spruce-and-pine fledged mountains—the White Mountains in New Hampshire and the Green Mountains in Vermont—parallel each other north of Boston. "The Vermont mountains stretch extended straight; / New Hampshire mountains curl up in a coil."

In the upper ranges, virgin forests shade granitic out-croppings and small, deep lakes. Cool, throaty streams, boulder strewn, cut courses into fertile valleys. Sturdy, defensive Canuck and solid, nasalized Yankees work the clay upland and loam (pronounced locally 'loom') "flats" or bottom land. Snug in the hill-pockets or standing at favorable river bends, early settlers pitched small elm-and-maple shaded villages in a country of variable climate, stony pasture, low wooded hills, narrow valleys, white-spired meeting-houses, covered bridges, stump fences, sugar bushes and quarries. The dairy farm, with long double-storied red barns, gleaming ventilators, tubular red silos, white frame houses, and adjoining garden, orchard, pasture, mowing and woodland, is the chief landmark in the rural district.

Yet locality is more than the subject-matter of Frost's poems; it is the source of deep affection. He has enjoyed what



"Among unearthed potatoes stand still."

Horace included among his prayers—"a portion of land, not so big, a garden and near the house a spring of never-failing water, and a little wood beyond." Woodchuck runways thread his fields and birches cluster in the upper pastures. In his line-of-vision there is usually a mountain—Lafayette, Lincoln, Liberty, Equinox, or Bread Loaf—by which to gauge the upper weather.

He has never, like Emily Dickinson, hugged one hearthstone, or, like Thoreau, travelled chiefly in one village. His dwelling-places are "strategic retreats" like The Gully in South Shaftsbury, Vermont, or the Homer Noble place in Ripton, Vermont, where, at present, he summers. The former is a hundred-and-fifty acre farmstead, with a small, white frame house and unpainted weathered barn, sheltered in a fold of the low hills amid numerous gullies. The latter stands in a mountain bowl.

At his cabin on the rise of an upland pasture on the Homer Noble place Frost genially relaxes, and rambles in spirals of talk from current history to "eternal politics" in an affable mellow way. It is a continuous pleasure to listen to him, for the movement of his mind is not by frontal attack but by encirclement. A fine storyteller in conversation as in poetry, he releases his ideas by artful disclosures. He knows how to contain his enthusiasms, how to dominate his daemon. By leavening the tall talk with wit he eliminates all threat of solemnity. Steady, sagacious,

stubbornly terrestrial, he inclines to earthward and, as in swinging birches, resiliently returns to earth after any heavenly propulsion.

Frost is surrounded by mountains whose bedrock scorings add dimensional reality. Literally, it is an old land and, like Thoreau, he can thrust a stick "many aeons deep into its surface," or with his heel "make a deeper furrow than the elements have plowed here for a thousand years." Folks north of Boston wouldn't be the same without these mountains in the intervalles of whose heavily forested ranges they take shelter. Because the mountains in New Hampshire were once recorded as ten instead of five thousand feet high, Frost wishes the peaks now were higher. He "cannot rest from planning day and night/How high I'd thrust the peaks in summer snow/To tap the upper sky and draw a flow/Of frosty night air in the vale below/Down from the stars to freeze the dew as starry."

Francis Higginson, seventeenth century teacher of the Puritan Church at Salem, thought "a sup of New-England's Aire is better than a whole draft of old England's Ale." This is true enough in the mountain area where Frost summers. When the atmosphere thickens and the air stales, a cooling north wind scatters the overcast, crisps a spring day, freshens a summer one, edges a fall day, and in winter powders the mountains with snow. The atmosphere becomes crystal clear, and the mountain ranges form three-dimensional solid blue masses. In the seventeenth century, Cotton Mather thought "our winds blow not such razors as in the days of our fathers, when the hands of the good men would freeze unto the bread upon their tables, and the strongest wine there would in a few minutes be hardly to be swallowed for its congelation . . ."

Mather never felt the rugged wind out of Canada, cutting athwart the Champlain valley or he would have been forced to alter his words. In *The Farmer's Almanack*, Robert Thomas is more accurate when he refers to "searching, saucy and pitiless winds."

North of Boston season passes rapidly into season. Hardly is the song of the spring birds heard vibrating in the throat of the sky before the hot midsummer sun has tanned the live spring grasses, sucking their juices and leaving decumbent tufts. Just as brief is the glance at the pipe-smoke blue haze of Indian summer. The region has a low pressure weakness. As changeable during the day as it is seasonally, the temperature indicates a variable but invigorating climate.

You know how it is with an April day
When the sun is out and the wind is still,

You're one month on in the middle of May,

But if you so much as dare to speak,
A cloud comes over the sunlit arch,
A wind comes off a frozen peak,
And you're two months back in the middle of March.

How different the impression of wilderness areas upon Frost and Robinson Jeffers! In Jeffers' poems nature is supercharged with violence: the mountain lions are on the prowl, predatory red-tailed hawks dive at their prey, lethal rattlesnakes coil and strike. In Frost's poetry it is otherwise because the wilderness is commonly tame. Bears den in the creviced mountain ledges and come out in spring to sharpen their winter-blunted claws on tough-barked spruces, but are infrequently seen. Nevertheless, deer post the meadows to woodland shelters. Woodcock—famously called "timber-doodles"—flight in season, and grouse bud orchard trees. Raccoons whinny in autumn nights and



owls strengthen their lonely calls in the silence of the deep woods. Harmless snakes on the stretch in the sun ravel suddenly. Hunger-sharp hawks hunt the fields for mice, foxes harry the bird-covers, woodchuck runways sap the drumlin, beaver flood the upland pastures. Nature's claws are undrawn but not long.

Frost is on terms of amiable intimacy with the natural world of fox and deer. His affection for nature is warm and sympathetic. The bluebird arouses his whimsy, the ovenbird stirs him to reflection, the hermit thrush touches his deeper moods. From earliest spring, with the cheery song sparrow and the robins' agitated storm song, to the late June days when the white-throated sparrows call from the edge of the mountain pastures, and the veeries' cool clarinet note in a low register is heard in the darkening woods, the countryside is fluent with birdsong. His bears are philosophical; his woodchucks are circumspect; his deer unaggressive. The lesser "minims of nature," like the hornets, are self-tormented and the grasshoppers waggish. Nothing in this region is sinister although it may be perplexing; nothing is terrible although it might be annoying. It could be wilder to satisfy Frost. "The more sensiblist I am/The more I seem to want my mountains wild."

There is a marked difference between the West with its gaunt but magnificent landscape—the creased mountain-ranges, the sand-pitted sagebrush, the dusty cottonwoods and weathered Joshua trees, the wrung and wasted look of the land of little rain—and upland New England. Precipitation in the latter is heavy and keeps the glacial soil arable. "The plants in New England for the variety, number, beauty, and virtues," declared John Josselyn in *New England Rarities*, "may stand in Competition with the plants of any Countrey in Europe." He might have had in mind yellow mountain saxifrage, closed gentians, the fragrant fern, and the moccasin flower. Vegetation is abundant and on a moderately short midsummer walk the hiker will see stalks of chicory with fine blue flower, the tropical fronds of wild asparagus, purplish-blue vetch, Indian paintbrush licking the pastures with soundless flame, tiger lilies, fields of goldenrod and black-eyed Susans, Joe Pye weed, the rose spire of the steeplebush, orchids, meadow rue, magenta stalks of fireweed, and the cool delicate Indian pipes in the damp pathside mould. There is not only an abundant flora, but among the upland stands a devotee of shades and sizes, foliage and form of trees will

always find blue spruces, pin oaks, shag-bark hickories, white pines, arbor-vitae, wine-glass elms, sugar maples, and canoe birches within eye-range. "Petals I may have once pursued/Leaves are all my darker mood."

New England is people—mainly land and people. Hidden beyond the gaps in the foothills are lonely upland farms. A generation ago the folk who lived in the hills were more severely oppressed by monotony of effort and by remoteness from their fellow-man than they now are. Loneliness worked into the grain, gnarled the flesh, withered the spirit. Those who were by temperament reserved and taciturn became morose and aberrant. The generous natural beauty with its satisfying stretch of the earth to the eye was not enough. In later years technological innovations like the telephone, radio and automobile have made the lot of the country folk easier. Although few have grown wealthy on these upland acres, many live less lonely lives.

North of Boston the people are just as varied as in the industrial areas of lower New England. The Scotch-Irish have long been settled around Londonderry, New Hampshire. The Canucks have worked down from Canada into the farming areas of Vermont. The Italians quarry granite and marble. Finns work upland farms around Ludlow, Vermont, and I have heard of a Spanish settlement at Barre. The folk Frost writes about—loggers, farmers, storekeepers, millhands, ox-drivers, orchid-hunters, water-dowsers, witches, star-gazers, gum-gatherers, and a preacher of the Racker Sect—are mainly old Yankee stock. Frost doesn't portray them conventionally, as sharp and angular like chips of flint, cold to the touch, nor sentimentally as though they had inner gyroscopes always pointing true north. In his poetry they reveal themselves: Dr. Magoun provincially suspicious of Life in *A Hundred Collars*, the farm woman with her unreasonable timidity in *The Fear*, Loren shrewdly taciturn about the good berry picking in Patterson's pasture in *Blueberries*, the hired man proclaiming his rural declaration of independence in *The Code*, or the ox-driver's matter-of-fact diffidence in *The Mountain*. These are not exceptional folk; they are natural folk, who are neither exalted nor under-estimated. They are accepted as human beings for what they are.

From this stock plantings were made on the western frontier. They gave the Mormons an initial impulse and provided leadership. Among their members are



"My own strategic retreat is where two rocks almost meet."

Shakers, Jehovah's Witnesses, Townsendites, but few New Dealers. Many vote a straight party ticket—usually Republican, keep up their village church, turn out once a year on town-meeting day, gather at county fairs in the fall, fish the streams, hunt the woods, read the local weekly or daily papers, attend Grange meetings, work their farms. They are not embarrassed by the necessity, as Calvin Coolidge long ago pointed out, to raise what they need, "wear it out, eat it up, do without." They are a conservative people, rather stronger in tradition than in innovation. In spite of the increasing number of filling stations and hot-dog stands that dot the main highways, they stand pat when it comes to protecting their wilderness areas against the inroads of strangers from the cities. What goes for Vermont holds for New Hampshire. It is as true now as when Frost first said years ago the two states are "yoke-fellows in the sap-yoke from of old."

It must have been the earth north of Boston Frost had in mind when, in *Birches*, he said, "earth's the right place for love;/I don't know where it's likely to go better." Certainly it's the spirit of the people and the land north of Boston that prevails in his poetry, and in prevailing has come to mean for Americans a special region as truly identifiable with Robert Frost as New Salem is with Lincoln in the hearts and minds of all Americans.

END



Bolton Narrows

George Daly

RALPH NADING HILL, who writes this sketch of a well known Vermont river, is author of the current Rivers of America volume The Winooski: Heartway of Vermont (Rinehart, \$3.50). The latter is illustrated by a Burlington artist, George Daly, two of whose striking scratchboard drawings are reproduced here.

plain, when he came up the lake on a July day in 1609. To the East, the redskins said, was the water that reached to the mountains.

For the ensuing 163 years the only white men who knew the French, or Onion-Land (Winooski) River were scouts from the Massachusetts and Connecticut settlements, and the Englishmen and women who trudged over the river ice in the dead of winter as captives of the Abnaki and St. Francis Indians, to be delivered to the French in Montreal at so much a head. Such was the fate of the Reverend John Williams and his family when, on a cold morning in 1704, as cold, they say "as the north side of a Jenaoery gravestone by starlight," the Indians swarmed over the stockade around the village of Deerfield, Massachusetts, and sacked the town. They killed those who could not march, and after burning the village, herded the sorrowing survivors north on foot to Montreal. Though the Onion was, for these expeditions, the "trunkline" between the lake and the Connecticut River, northern Vermont—as a mountain-locked wilderness between the French settlements in Canada and the English colonies on the seaboard—was the last frontier in the East. Even as late as 1772

Green Mountain River

TEXAS is only twenty-seven times larger than Vermont, but size in a state isn't everything. The watershed of the Mississippi is only two thousand times larger than that of Vermont's mountain-borne Winooski, but size in a river isn't everything. The westward-flowing Green Mountain stream, which cuts ninety miles across the heart of the fourteenth state to the blue basin of Lake Champlain, may be a small river, but it is a small river with character.

Rising among the modest hills of eastern Vermont, the Winooski passes through forests and red-siloed pastures. Only a few hills downstream it flows

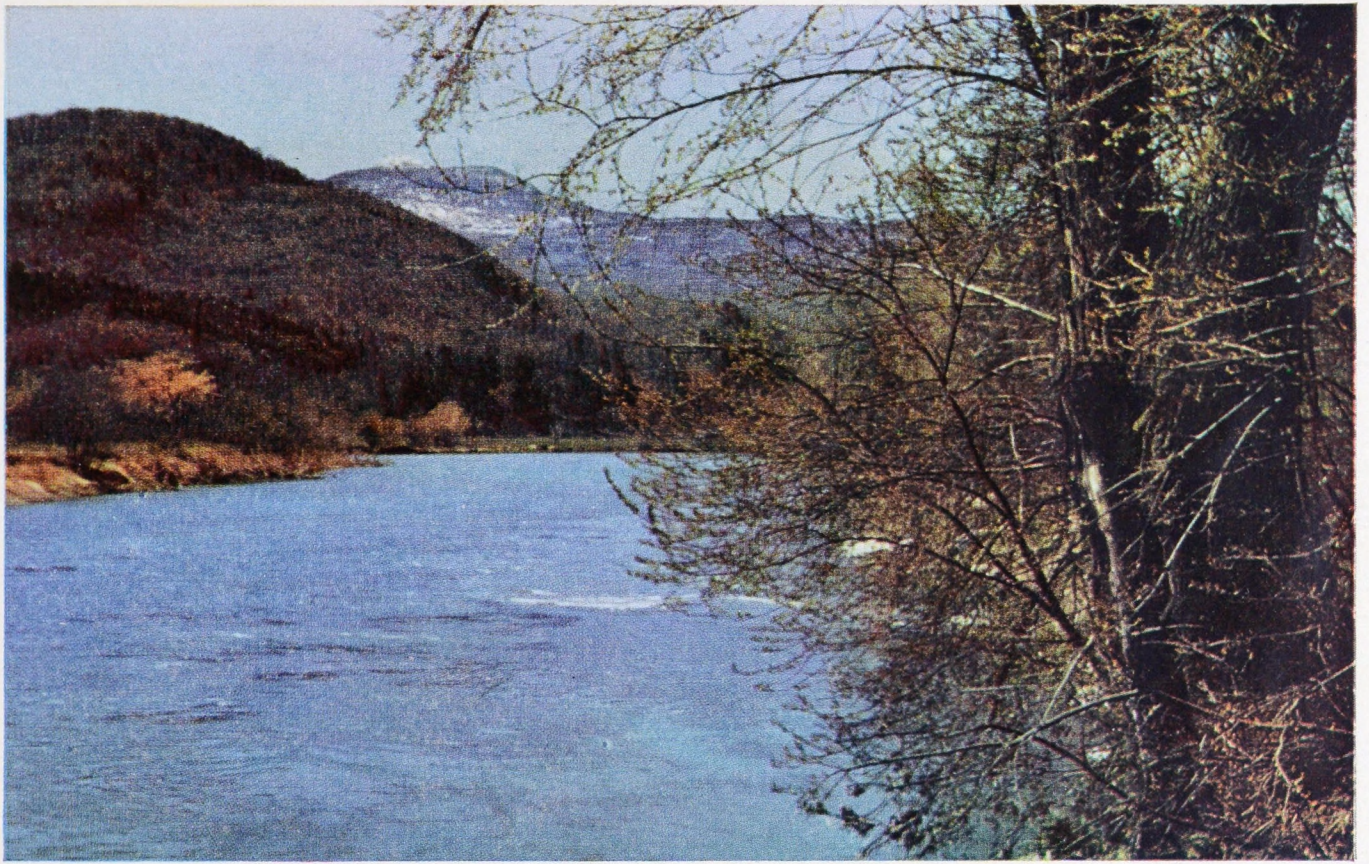
quietly past the gold dome of the State House. West of Montpelier it humbles mountain peaks four thousand feet high—for it has knifed a series of solemn gorges through them. Beyond the mountains, still further west, the river wanders back and forth across open intervalles, cutting at length through a rim of rocks a short distance above Vermont's largest city. Finally, it runs a gauntlet of woolen mills, plunges over a falls and spills out on a wide flat band of land that borders Lake Champlain.

The V that this river makes across Vermont was pointed to by the Indian guides of the French adventurer, Cham-

the wild wooded valley of the river had experienced scarcely more than the padding of moccasin feet.

But in September of 1772, a twenty-two-year-old surveyor named Ira Allen and his thirty-five-year-old cousin, Remember Baker, came down Lake Champlain in a boat and rowed up the Onion from its mouth to the falls. This was "the first day I ever set foot on the fertile soil of Onion River . . . I went up the open meadow where the blue joint grass was thick till in sight of a large and lovely elm . . . promising myself one day to be the owner of that beautiful meadow."

That night and the next day Allen



Above, Camel's Hump overlooks the Winooski

Below, the Narrows at Winooski

ran athwart a New York surveyor, one Benjamin Stevens, and his men and some Indians. With a clever strategem Ira and Remember managed to disperse Stevens' Indians and take the New Yorker prisoner.

In a Connecticut newspaper there shortly appeared this ad:

"LATELY PURCHASED BY ALLEN AND BAKER A LARGE TRACT OF LAND ON BOTH SIDES OF MOUTH OF ONION RIVER AND FRONTING WEST-ERLY ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN, CONTAINING ABOUT 45,000 ACRES AND SUNDRY PARCELS OF LAND FURTHER UP SAID RIVER."

Ira described the abundance of fish and game and the "salubrious climate," declaring that there was no land between New York and Canada as good, and advised: "Whoever inclines to be a purchaser may apply to Ethan Allen, Zimri and Ira Allen on premises or to Heman and Levi Allen in Salisbury."

This was the beginning of the Onion River Land Company, cornerstone of the Allens' turbulent career in carving a sovereign state out of a wilderness coveted by New York, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Great Britain. An independent republic, threatened by the Revolution like a sloop in the vortex of a whirlwind, survived the end of the war by virtue of the brass, wits and determination of the small clique at the wheel, Ethan, Ira and One-Eyed Tom Chittenden. The Onion River Land Company, also surviving the Revolution, became a very rich land company indeed.

In August, 1784, Ethan wrote Ira on the Onion to "git the Bords Sawed" for a house two stories high, thirty-four feet long and twenty-four feet wide, that he would be up with Fanny, his dashing new wife, in the spring to supervise the building. His desire to get his house built in a hurry was as impetuous as his plans for augmenting his family. In the fall a son arrived whom he named Hannibal Monttressor Allen. About this time some people in Connecticut wanted him to lead a rebellion of some Connecticut settlers who said their land was part of Connecticut, against some Pennsylvanians, who said it was part of Pennsylvania. Ethan, who for some time had been looking around for a good rebellion, was glad to go, but nothing much came out of this one.

It was time, he decided, to put the epaulets and sword away, so he took Frances and Hannibal Monttressor to Onion River where he built a fine farm on high Colchester land near the upper

falls, with a sweeping view of his hard-won Green Mountains.

With the eclipse of the British and Indians, great numbers of emigrants from southern New England arrived along the river to fell the trees. The first settler in Waterbury, James Marsh, made a clearing, planted some corn and went to New Hampshire to get his family. On each side of Marsh's horse as they returned, dangled a kettle, and on the horse's back rested a feather mattress. On top of the mattress was Mrs. Marsh with one child in arms and one strapped to her back. Her husband and three other children were on foot, carrying whatever else they could. When they reached Waterbury they found that the river had washed all their corn away. For two years Marsh and starvation ran a tight race. In the second winter he went to Williston to cast some spoons in Mr. Brownson's spoon-moulds. Crossing the river on his way back, Marsh fell through



Montpelier-on-the-Onion

the ice to his death, and his new spoons settled to the bottom of the Onion.

Ethan Allen spoke his last words as his sleigh slipped homeward over the ice at the mouth of the river in 1789. Ira lived on, but the Onion River Land Company foundered—it was land-rich but cash-poor. In order to pay the taxes on his vast domain, Ira decided upon a trip to Europe to buy muskets which he planned to bring back and sell to the Vermont militia at a profit—a legitimate operation, for with Napoleon at large in Europe, enterprise and courage were necessary. He became the victim of nations at war. The British captured the French ship in which Ira was bringing the muskets to America, and he spent five years (a great deal of the time in jail) in France and England. By the time he returned to Onion River, real estate sharpers had taken most of the lands that he hadn't had to mortgage to fight his case abroad.

By 1814, when Ira died in poverty in Philadelphia—the river had already become involved in the politics of the second war with Britain. Congress had cut the economic throat of Vermont and the rest of New England by refusing to allow American ships to go out in trade to Canada. So, even as Vermonters joined the war to keep the British off Champlain, gateway to the country, there was smuggling going on. The *Black Snake*, a tar-smearing boat with twelve oars and a sail that smuggled potash into Canada, shook a valley of Federalists and Democrats upside down. On an August afternoon in 1808 the crew of the *Snake*, armed with spiked poles, clubs, a basket of stones, several guns and a blunderbuss with a barrel eight feet two inches long and a bore of one and one-fourth inches, fired on and killed two of a party of revenue officers who had come up the river to seize the *Snake*.

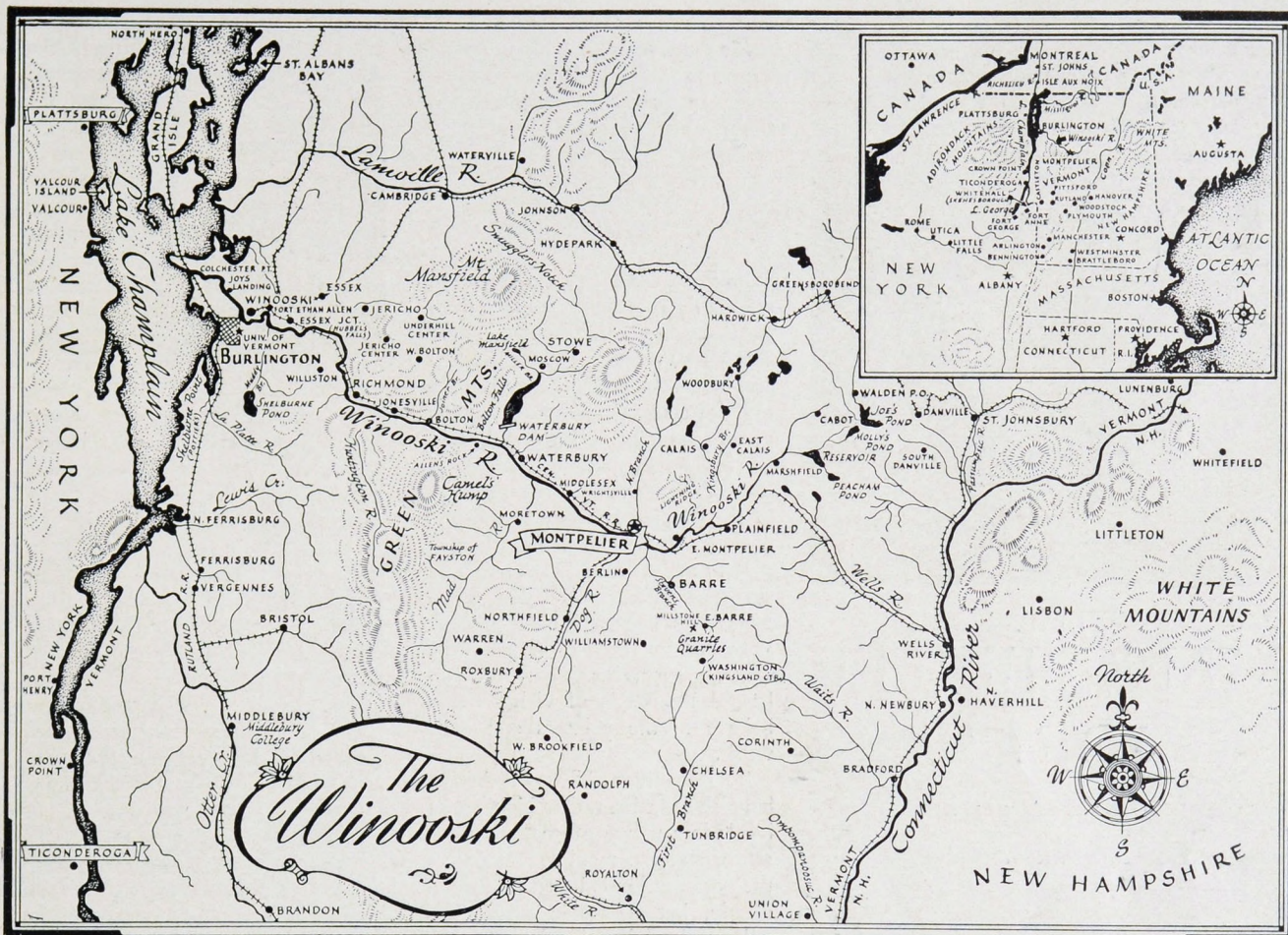
The indignant townspeople of Burlington erected a scaffolding at the crest of the hill between the lake and the river. There a crowd of ten thousand people from all over northern Vermont watched them string up the smuggler who fired the blunderbuss. It was the first hanging in the state of Vermont.

The early people in the valley of the Onion were not noted for piety or decorum. The majority were refugees from the rigidly moral and religious Puritan oligarchy in southern New England. Chester Wright, minister at the capital—"the moral Hercules of Montpelier"—claimed that in 1809 the inhabitants, without religion,

"became generally dissipated and a deplorable state of morals was the result. The Sabbath, instead of being observed as a day of holy rest, was improved as a season of relaxation from ordinary business, only for the purpose of amusement, convivial entertainments, public houses, or shops, sleigh riding, trading or gambling; and the language of profanity was the common dialect."

"The Harvest is great and the workers few . . . There is more business than ten missionaries can do this side of the mountains," cried one religious magazine. Little wonder that a galaxy of preachers, their eyes lit with the fire of a crusade, invaded the valley of the Onion.

As the first years of the nineteenth century passed, an ever-increasing stream of settlers transformed the valley. Pines of majestic first growth crashed along the river bank, and floated downstream for shipment to Canada or New York. Saw, grist and woolen mills began to cluster



about the wooden dams that restrained the river and its tributaries. Here grew the towns of the valley.

In 1832 Joseph Glidden and his son, Mark, agreed to deliver part of the twenty-three thousand cubic feet of granite needed for the new state house in Montpelier. They arose at four in the morning, harnessed their four-horse team and yoke of oxen, drove to East Barre, climbed Millstone Hill a thousand feet over muddy or icy ruts, loaded up by means of skids and rockers, and descended the hill. In winter they dragged the granite to Montpelier over the river ice, unloaded it, and went home at ten o'clock at night. Eighteen hours of back-breaking work and a twenty-five mile trip for four dollars.

The success of the Champlain Canal to the Hudson led Winooski River lumber barons to earnest consideration of a Winooski Canal, which would extend from Lake Champlain east to the Connecticut River and open the West to the Boston market. Conferences were held and plans drawn up for the "Onion River Navigation and Tow Path Company."

But in the early 1840's the project was suddenly abandoned—the "iron ligament" was coming to the valley. The Vermont Central and the Rutland and Burlington, laying down track helter-skelter in a race to be the first operating railroad, created plenty of excitement in the north country. The era of six-and-eight-horse teams, which had carried passengers and produce along the river on the Montreal-Boston Turnpike since settlement days, was over. Now it was the iron horse.

But the iron horse was no less spirited than the Morgan, whose era of greatness was at hand. In 1861, the secretary of war wanted a regiment of Vermont Cavalry and insisted that it be mounted on one thousand Morgan horses. Forty-two days later, in October, 1861, the thousand Morgans and their riders were down the valley in Burlington, and the celebrated first Vermont Cavalry, which was to ride through seventy-five battles and skirmishes, was shortly parading through the streets of New York.

Montpelier-on-the-Onion was, by this time, already steadfastly Republican, a

faith to which it would hold unremittingly for a century—a record matched by no other state. Yet it must not be thought that free-thinking days had passed from the valley. In 1875 a free-love colony sprang from the banks of the river near its mouth, and lasted almost a year.

In the latter eighteen-hundreds, water wheels began to light up with electricity the valley of the old Onion. Today the Montreal-Boston trains, the highways, and overhead, the planes, hug the path the Winooski has sliced through the mountains—a path that has become a curious compound of town and country—of ski resorts and grist mills, colleges and covered bridges, forests, quarries and dairy farms.

Sometimes, during rainless summer weeks, the Winooski descends in its bed to a point where it looks like a small mountain stream. Again, as in November, 1927, when it devastated its valley in a flood that took fifty-five lives, it is an indomitable torrent. Most years, however, the Winooski flows unpretentiously—a small river in an unpretending valley. But size in a river isn't everything. END



THE "MANCHESTER IDEA"

Famous artists and beginning painters combine culture and commerce in the field of art.

By RICHARD KETCHUM

Photography by ROBERT TERRILL

WITH the celebration of their 20th Annual Exhibition this August, the Southern Vermont Artists have good reason to pause and survey a long string of significant achievements since the organization's birth in 1926. For since that time, what has become known as the "Manchester Idea" has not only taken root in the Vermont scene—it has attracted the discerning eye of an interested art world.



The Childs sisters examine T. Reilly Dibble's "Were You There?"

Clay Bartlett's "Old Jalopy" attracts the attention of Miss Ellen Hammond of Weston and her parents. Just below, the miniatures in the new Collector's Gallery.→

Founded by a loosely-organized group of seventeen artists who lived in and around Manchester, the Southern Vermont Artists' Association has achieved a unique reputation for being the most democratic of all American art shows. Since the beginning, the aim has been to make the exhibitions part of the life of the people of the state, and this conception has helped immeasurably to make the artists' work both accessible and popular. The widespread enthusiasm evident at each show has not been confined to the contributing artists, but has embraced thousands of visitors who believe in the painters and their work.

The Southern Vermont Artists have sheltered a rather high set of ideals in a policy of good common sense, and the tangible success of the organization is based on several simple, but workable rules. The only credentials for inclusion in the exhibition are those of residence—for a minimum period of three months—within a fifty-mile radius of Manchester. The group accepts at least one picture from each contributor, thus guaranteeing the beginner equal showing with the artist of national reputation. There is no "private opening" for a favored few, no admission fee, no catalogue charge—small but important details which have paid big dividends in stimulating public interest.

Not the least of the SVA's achievements is predicated on the sound principle that art is made to be seen *and* sold. Despite any old saws to the contrary, few artists are willing to pass up a chance for

Guy Pene DuBois's "Diane" draws the rapt attention of youth—and why not? In the distance is Clay Bartlett's "Landgrove House." Well aware of the prevalence of "museum feet," the management provided frequent "setting" spots (right, above).

Robert J. Kuhn's "Virgie and Mert" came well slicked up for the event.





MEYER AND MARSH families are among the most gifted artists in America. Left to right, Reginald Marsh—hailed as the modern Hogarth—and his artist wife Felicia Meyer, who inherits the talents of her well known painter parents, Anne and Herbert Meyer.

OGDEN PLEISSNER puts the finishing touches on a recent canvas in his Pawlet studio. His war canvases are famous.

CLAY BARTLETT is a collector as well as an artist, as was his painter father. His East Manchester home is a country art museum.





a sale, and to make the work of Vermont painters easily available, the organization has established a persuasive idea in its "New Collectors' Gallery." This group of pictures, housed in a small room off the main gallery, is composed of small works by more mature artists, priced at \$25.00 or less. The New Collectors' Gallery has served the triple purpose of making good paintings accessible to people of little means, stimulating in them the desire for ownership, and kindling general interest in the show. Each year sees a larger band of visitors thronging to the opening of the New Collectors' Gallery, surging into the little room to put their hands on the picture they want—for in this part of the show, it's first come, first served—and no holds barred. To enable late-comers to obtain one or more of the small pictures, those paintings which have been sold are replaced with canvases of equal merit at intervals throughout the ten-day show, so that the little Collectors' Gallery takes on the aspect of a constantly changing display.

To entice so much general interest, the SVA exhibition has had to have more than a set of ideals and an enlightened policy—it has had to be good. Much of the credit for establishing a certain standard of excellence goes to the early pioneers of the organization, among whom were Mrs. Mary Powers, Robert G. McIntyre, Henry Schnakenberg, Herbert Meyer,

Above, left to right: James Ashley, Gene Pelham, Nicholas Comito and Luigi Lucioni.



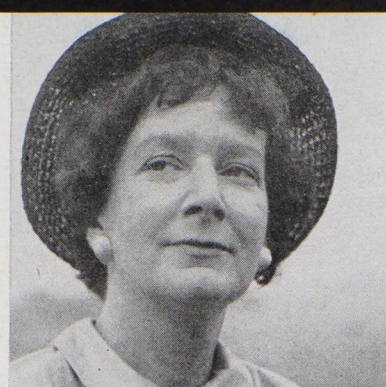
HAVING made his choice in the new "Collectors' Gallery" this gentleman raises his hand hoping to attract the attention of one of the busy attendants before someone else also selects his selection.

Wallace Fahnestock, John Lillie, Horace Brown, Miss Hilda Belcher, Mrs. Harriette Miller and Edwin B. Child. All painters, many of them still contribute to the annual shows, and they have made up a large part of what the late Royal Cortissoz once called the "little company of seasoned painters who every year do a good deal to stiffen the backbone of the show by capable workmanship . . . [they] give a kind of lift to the ensemble through their unmistakable competence." With the opening of each succeeding show, this group has been bolstered by the addition of more and more artists of national reputation, and the organization now boasts an impressive list of really top-notch painters.

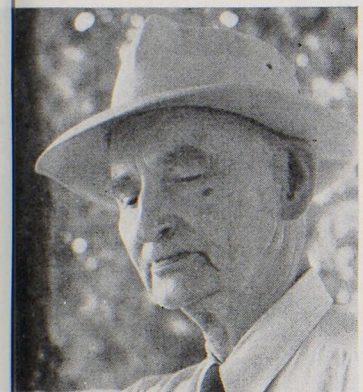
Among the many critics who have come to the Manchester exhibition in anticipation of the high-quality workmanship which prevails, Royal Cortissoz and Edward Alden Jewell, formerly of the New York *Herald Tribune* and the New York *Times*, pointed out most ably the unique features of the show. What Jewell found most interesting was that it "serves as a forum for the artists—known and unknown alike, accomplished and artistically immature—living within a wide radius. Year after year one finds in the exhibition . . . increasing evidence of genuine native expression. There seemed a possibility that little by little the show would cease . . . to register the aspira-

Below: General view of the main gallery.





Left to Right: Claude Dern, Harriette De Sanchez, Bernadine Custer, and Barbara Comfort.



tions of the earnest untutored many, becoming instead a means of bringing forward the work of painters with reputations already made, and setting up sophisticated standards that automatically rule out the more humble spirits. It is a satisfaction that this has not happened; . . . the democratic, warmly welcoming note is still sounded."

Both of these critics applauded the simplicity of the SVA show, where they found none of the "conventional sort of art, often so slick, assured and 'sound' in its technique, which characterizes, alas, many a Summer show." Rather, at Manchester, they found "just plain art, unashamed of the soil, untortured by the zeal that thinks first of a market and only afterward, or not at all, of what the artist himself has honestly experienced. . . . The exhibition as a whole speaks of observation, the careful search after truth." In explaining why Vermont is paintable the artists almost unitedly affirm what seems to be the chief trait of the region—its friendliness. The canvases reveal a minimum of dreams, and few attempts with the human figure. The characteristic picture is quite definitely the portrait of a place, the study of a thing seen and felt, not embroidered, not invested with any romantic purpose, but left to speak of an observed fact and the artist's pleasure in it. The intimacy of the green hills and farmland is by far the most prevalent note in the exhibition, and this fact, as much as any other, explains the steadily growing group of artists who have made permanent or temporary homes in the region. The show is a very accurate and suggestive reflection that the inspiration of Vermont's

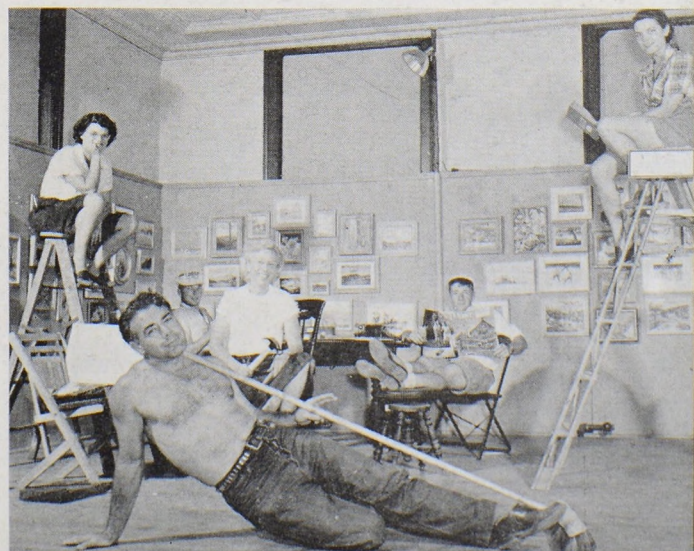
landscape and its peaceful simplicity of life are productive.

Since the inception of the organization, more practiced artists have provided steady inspiration to the enlarging band of local painters who had little or no experience, and as the show progressed from year to year, local Vermonters have played an increasingly prominent role. As Alice Lawton wrote, in the Boston Sunday Post, "there is a particularly arresting group of native painters, who made their start with the Manchester show, and have so advanced in their work that it is appearing in the large museum and metropolitan activities of the art world." The organization has always included a section of children's paintings with each exhibit, and it is interesting to note that from the children's groups of former years, several make their debut in the main section of the gallery at each new show.

Probably the most important factor in enticing outside interest to the annual exhibitions has been the presence of so much outstanding talent. The "Painting in the United States" exhibition, held annually at Pittsburgh's Carnegie Institute, is considered by many to be the nation's top art show, and of the 300 painters invited to participate in 1948, twelve were Vermont artists. Much the same percentage has been evident in previous years, and has held true in other important shows throughout the country. In view of the state's small population, it

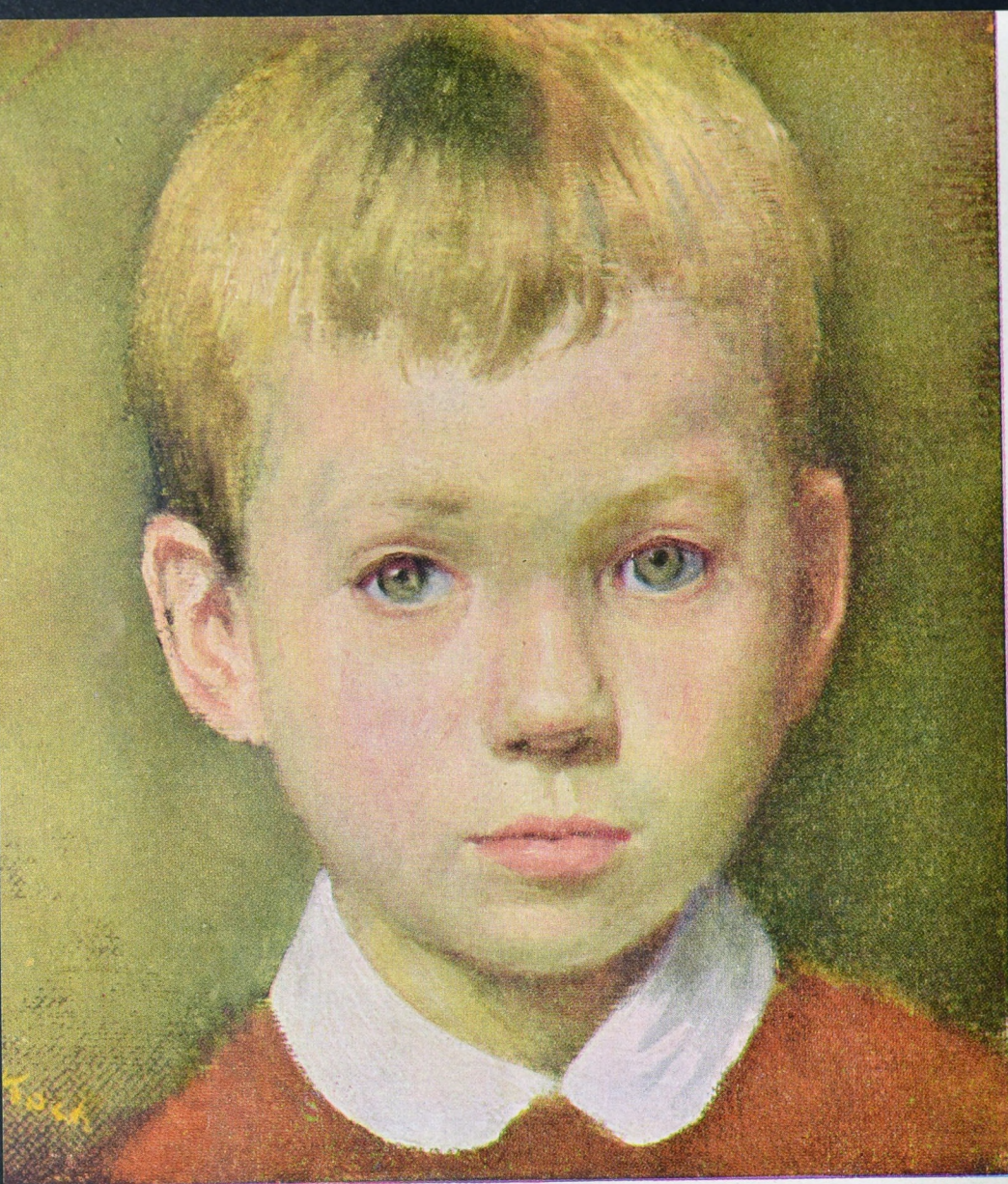
STAGE CREW: Edith Dulles Snare was the presiding genius of the show, and bears here the symbol of her office—a hammer. On the ladders are her neices (also nieces of John Foster Dulles, top Republican advisor on foreign policy), and in the foreground artist and handyman Jim Ashley contributes a study for "Stilled Life with Pushbroom." Mrs. Snare got some mighty handy assistance from visiting college students as well.

Left, from the bottom up: David and Beatrice Jackson Humphreys, Felicia Meyer Marsh and Herbert Reed, Harriet Miller, and Carl Ruggles.



BOY *by* JOHN KOCH

*Reproduced through the
courtesy of the Upjohn Company
Kalamazoo, Michigan*



Painted by John Koch

MIDDLEBURY

by NICHOLAS COMITO

(left below)



*Photograph of the bend of the road
on Route Seven near Manchester . . .
Comparison with Lucioni's painting
illustrates his phenomenal, documen-
tary technique. (A. W. Coleman)*

ROUTE SEVEN
by LUIGI LUCIONI



From the Maxwell House Coffee American Scene Series





is significant that such a large number of its painters should achieve national recognition.

Since 1926, the Southern Vermont Artists' exhibit has sold nearly \$125,000 worth of paintings, many directly to art museums and important private collections. For the past few years sales have hovered around \$10,000 for the ten-day period of the show—an impressive total which dwarfs returns at most other summer exhibitions. Despite the large sales figures, however, the organization has found it impossible to support operating costs without additional financial help. This apparent enigma is caused mainly by a generous commission policy, which allows the SVA only 12½% of the purchase price of each picture. Much of the work involved in hanging the show is carried out on a volunteer basis, but with expanding public interest the group has been forced to improve its facilities for displaying the paintings, and has had to operate on an increasingly large scale. To supplement the income from sales, the "Friends of the Southern Vermont Artists" stage an annual money-raising campaign which has provided the organization with additional funds for improvements during the past few years. Originally, the annual exhibit was held at the Equinox House Pavilion in Manchester,

THE WIND
PASSETH OVER
by Ella
Fillmore Lillie

but in 1934 it was moved to the Burr & Burton Seminary's more spacious gymnasium, in order to accommodate the growing number of pictures. Participation in the show has become so wide, however, that even the gymnasium was hard-pressed to hold last year's 328 paintings and sculpture from 158 exhibitors, and the jury was forced to limit the number of paintings accepted, in many instances. This situation has led to proposals for a permanent gallery, where facilities will be adequate for even more ambitious exhibitions.

Other plans this year include a "traveling show," which will take a large group of paintings to a number of leading galleries throughout the country. In addition to its publicity and sales value to the organization, this program will sub-



SEVERAL members of SVA are not from southern Vermont and really belong with the Mid-Vermont and Northern Vermont groups. Francis Colburn of Burlington ("A Stranger and Afraid," left) has broken away from the pictorial techniques of the majority of his brethren to utilize an almost surrealistic style. "Weathered House" (above) is typical of the work of Clement Hurd of North Ferrisburg.



stantiate the importance of art in Vermont, and should play a considerable part in spreading the gospel of the Vermont "way of life" across the nation. In honor of their 20th Annual Exhibition, the Southern Vermont Artists are drafting extensive plans to make this year's show the best yet, and there will be additional attractions to celebrate the milestone.

The "Manchester Idea" has been no revolution in art. It has, on the contrary, been a steady growth of the democratic concept that everyone deserves an equal opportunity for expression. It has both assisted and participated in the gradual evolution of Vermont's role in the field of art, and it has provided ample testimony of the inspiration which men find in the grandeur of mountains and the vastness of an everchanging sky.

END



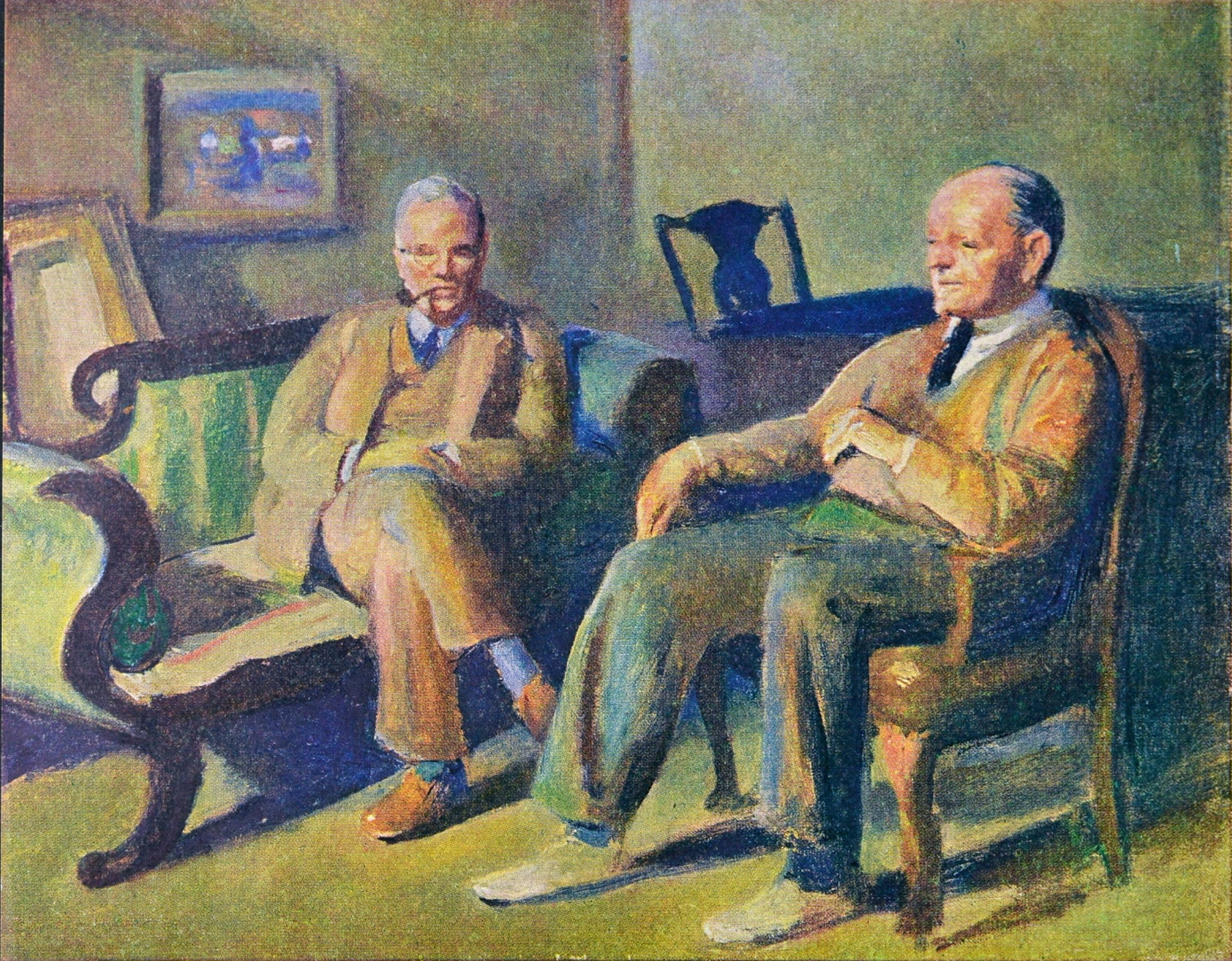
JOSEPHINE
by Hilda Belcher



WAITING FOR THE MAIL
by Harry Shokler



BEST'S HILL
Hartland Four
Corners
by Nicholas U.
Comito



Old Friends

by GUY
PÈNE DUBOIS

*Reproduced through
the courtesy of the
Upjohn Company
Kalamazoo, Mich.*



Vietri sul Mare

by OGDEN
PLEISSNER

*Courtesy
American Artist*



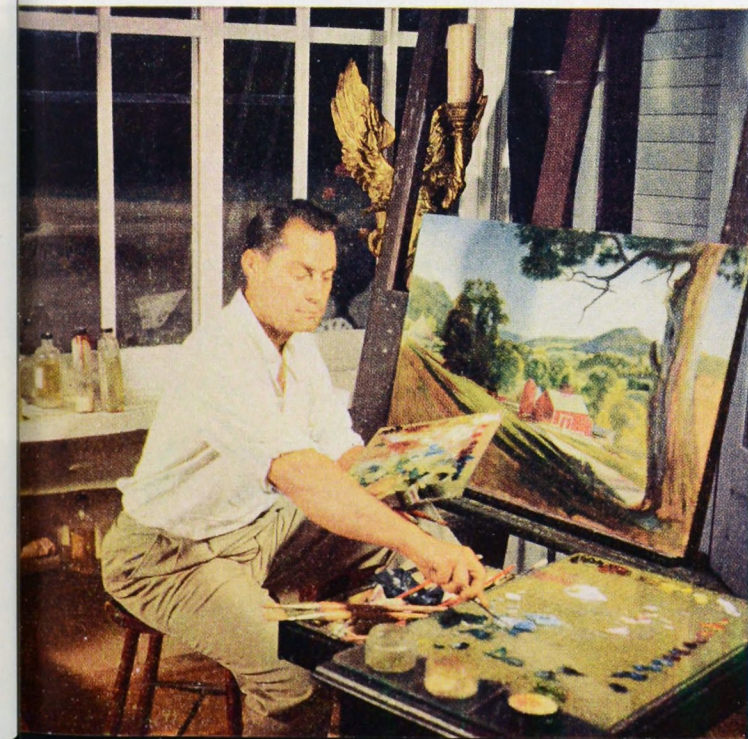
Reproduced through courtesy of the Upjohn Company, Kalamazoo, Michigan

Manchester Valley

by DEAN FAUSETT

Below, the artist at work

NORMAN ROCKWELL
paints one of his familiar
Saturday Evening Post covers
(Merusi)



"Opportunities"

The purpose of this column is to assist persons seeking special types of opportunity in Vermont as well as special types of opportunity seeking people. It is for the particular use of the many still outside Vermont who want to employ their talents here and for those within the state who have use for persons with special talents. It is not, however, a general employment service. After use in this column all letters are turned over to the state office of the Vermont State Employment Service. When writing us regarding "Opportunities" appearing in this column please address our box number and your letter will be forwarded to the person in question. Vermont Life assumes no responsibility for the statements made in letters to it. ED.

VL 15. An affable and civic minded couple, both college graduates, wish to live in Vermont. They have one daughter at U.V.M. and another in Junior High School. He has an excellent business background (including sales, merchandising and publicity work) which might readily be adapted to the resort or hotel field. His wife would be a splendid hostess and organizer.

VL 16. A gentleman of 35, with an annual salary of \$10,000 in New York City would be willing to sacrifice a part of this for the privilege of working in Vermont. He would like a position as advertising or promotion manager, copywriter or publicity writer, etc. His experience has included high school teaching, copywriting and mail order sales for a large mail order house, and book publishers' advertising, publicity and promotion manager which made him responsible for the campaigns on many best sellers. His major asset is an ability to conceive and carry out practical, profitable ideas.

VL 17. This gentleman is available for a teaching position in an academy or one of the junior colleges. His background includes an A.B. from Princeton and an M.A. from Columbia with experience in teaching English, mathematics and Latin. He has successfully run a debating team and a band and is an accomplished musician.

VL 18. Somewhere in southeastern Vermont, on or near a main road, in or near a village, there must be a pleasant spot with a house, preferably with fireplaces, a stream to furnish water power and a mill building with ample storage room as well as space for 4 or 5 employees. If you know of such a set-up will you please write me? I am prepared to compromise.

VL 19. A lady who was a florist for 18 years, reporter on a Vermont newspaper for 8 years and who demonstrated her interest in Vermont youth by acting as a

volunteer teacher for many years, in addition to her other duties, is interested in returning to this state. She likes small towns and youth work, might consider going into business if she had a partner, would be willing to become a companion to elderly people or children.

VL 20. A married man who has fallen in love with Vermont through the pages of *Vermont Life* desires to move his wife and 7-year-old daughter here permanently as the Vermont climate has been highly recommended by physicians to improve the health of his wife. He would be interested in any sort of work which could employ the talents of a man with considerable administrative experience as well as 10 years of law practice.

VL 21. If you want to live in Vermont, make a living in Vermont, and have fun doing it, and you have \$50,000 capital to invest, there is an opportunity to acquire an income producing business in a beautiful Vermont town. This business is known all over the United States, and is one of the most interesting enterprises in this part of the world. It is for sale, wholly or in part, because the present owner has received an appointment in the government of the United States and must leave Vermont for several years. All communications will be treated in strictest confidence. No information given unless persons inquiring offer in first letter recommendations and evidence that they have the capital and are not just curious.

Editor's Post Box . . . Continued

painting of Matthew Lyon, reproduced in the current issue of *Vermont Life*.

In view of the fact that the article [VL, Spring 1949] posed the question: "What did Matthew Lyon look like?", I feel it would have been of interest to readers and scholars of Vermont history to know that my conception was not concocted out of thin air but was arrived at by a logical process built upon the original.

Actually, the method of procedure was to enlarge this picture, from which an outline of the profile was cut in life size, to be used as a template. The head was then modeled in clay according to this outline and the painting made from this. The modeled head was also photographed, to be used as a re-check in painting. As an artist whose entire life has been spent in the study and portrayal of character, my research of the type of man Matthew Lyon was and the kind of life he lived, made it possible for me to portray what I feel he was like, according to available historical records of his life and times.

HENRY LAVARACK, *Castleton*

HERE'S ONE FROM ACROSS THE SEAS.

Sirs:

From January 2nd until April 26th, 1947, I was privileged to visit your beautiful state. Beautiful, is, I feel, a most inadequate word. Whilst there, I was fortunate in being presented with the Winter and Spring editions of your delightful magazine, *VERMONT LIFE*. Since my return I have received the Summer issue and in it I have read the article by Ines Macaulay.

Consequently I feel that I should like you to know that Vermont brought to this one traveling Britisher a glimpse of life that I had long believed a forgotten art.

The kindness I received from the various inhabitants of St. Johnsbury during my four month sojourn is something that even now, brings a nostalgic ache to experience once more their outlook and approach to "Life." I do not think I can convey to you in words how much the greatness of the people I met in St. Johnsbury taught me. Their kindness to one another—to me—a stranger within their gates, is something that must be witnessed or experienced to be believed.

I was fortunate, in that I was taken by car, the whole length of your lovely state, and the one thing that struck me first was that no matter how small the community was—there in its midst rose the church spire—white and dignified. I certainly felt that here are people who put first things first. Here I should like to say that it is many years since I last worshipped in a crowded church such as I did in St. Johnsbury.

Our only child married a Vermonter last year and could we have chosen for her we could not, I'm sure, have found a better people or a more beautiful place for her to live and bring up her family. Surely no other place, even in America, can inspire one with such a deep sense of tranquility and security as does Vermont. My vocabulary is too small to convey to my friends here at home what Vermont and its people are like—but I do say that Vermonters, must have, through the years, absorbed into their souls the dignity and beauty of their surroundings. In their contacts with others they reveal that dignity. Whenever I visit friends now or they visit me, I hand over my precious *VERMONT LIFE* magazines and just say, "These endorse all I can think or say of Vermont and its people. They work hard before they play."

RUTH E. HILEY, *Great Britain*



Some VERMONT Ways of Life: By VREST ORTON

GETTING STARTED IN VERMONT

In the last decade I have talked, I guess, to upwards of 200 persons bent on starting or who had actually started a small business in Vermont and I continue to be amazed at the naïveté of so many people. Where they get their notions of how business in general is conducted I wish I knew. . . .

Most seem astonished to discover that business success is based on profit and that business men, to keep going, have to buy at one price and sell at a higher. There was one girl who started to make a product in her home but soon found that friends and neighbors would not buy it all, so she offered it to several retail stores in Vermont, at a small discount from her retail price. She was informed that there was such a thing as overhead expenses and that if stores bought at her price and sold at her price, they would be losing about 20% on every transaction. She then innocently asked why it was that Vermont business men were so hard hearted and unwilling to help her get started in business!

This unawareness of business is not confined to females. I know a male who started a wood working shop. He made a deal with a local store to sell his product at retail. The store bought a stock, spent money advertising, and later wondered why customers began to complain about their high prices. They soon found that the wood working male was selling his products to the public at his shop for less than he had sold them to the store.

Therefore the store stopped selling the goods. He soon got into financial troubles and began trying to find some government agency to help him out of a near failure.

There is another group of novitiates who come to Vermont. They are seeped in the philosophy of the social welfare state. They are mostly young folk who never had to work for a living, having gone from school to the armed services. Upon arrival in Vermont they immediately begin to seek some government agency to help them while they are figuring on what they want to do, to take care of them when they are learning to do it, to subsidize them when they are doing it, to aid them so they won't fail doing it, and to take care of them when they have finished doing it. . . .

Maybe that is a little far-fetched but then, sometimes, I wonder.

A GRAVE WARNING

Anyway, it gives me this chance to utter a grave and solemn warning: *Vermont is a capitalistic state.*

Vermonters in the past have succeeded because they have worked hard from boyhood to old age, and from daylight until darkness and beyond. We have often heard it said, and I guess it's true, that Vermont's chief export product is genius. If there is a single factor in the Vermont way of life that is responsible more than any other for creating our men whom we have sent out to be leaders in the world, it is that these Vermonters were reared in an atmosphere of hard work. It may seem a bit behind the times, but they had drilled into them at an early age, and they never forgot it, that he who does not work does not deserve to get. I am speaking, in addition to physical labor, of determination, self-reliance, independence of mind and spirit, and the habit of being willing, at any time, to turn a hand at anything that needs to be done.

Vermont does not, I think, intend to become a social welfare state. Just so long as we can hold the bulwarks against the battering storms of statism, I believe you will find us doing just that.

A NEIGHBORLY WELCOME

Vermont is not a state that has rigged up devices to pamper and nurse the individual through life.

Vermont welcomes young folk and old folk who want to make a living here or who have the means of living, and to all these we extend a glad hand.

We will do what is neighborly.

The strength and character of our early American democratic institutions were founded on that simple philosophy.

NOT UTOPIA

Some come to Vermont, I suspect, with the notion that it is an ideal refuge for escape. It's just a dandy spot, they seem to believe, in which to inaugurate a self-contained, self-sustaining utopia in some remote mountain fastness where somebody will take care of everybody and the work will be done by some other force than human effort, especially physical effort . . . presumably atomic energy.

Well, folks, I'm sorry but we haven't reached that point yet!

Vermont, I'm afraid, is kind of old-fashioned. We are kind of conservative. We oppose individuals shifting responsibility to the state. We kind of expect individuals to be individuals. We surely know that Vermont possesses a vast wealth of raw materials, both tangible and intangible, waiting only for human energy to transmute them into real values.

THE EXCEPTION

I realize it is pretty much behind the times to act the way we do, but really it's a matter of good practical horse sense.

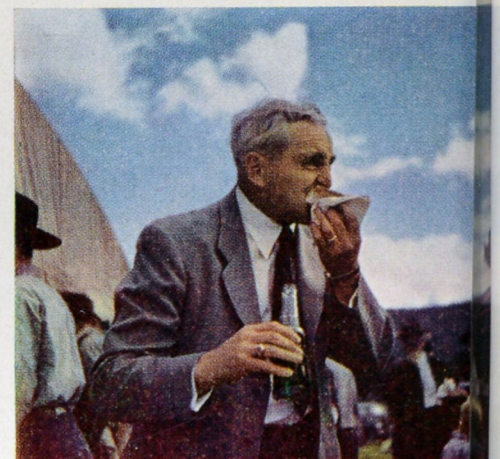
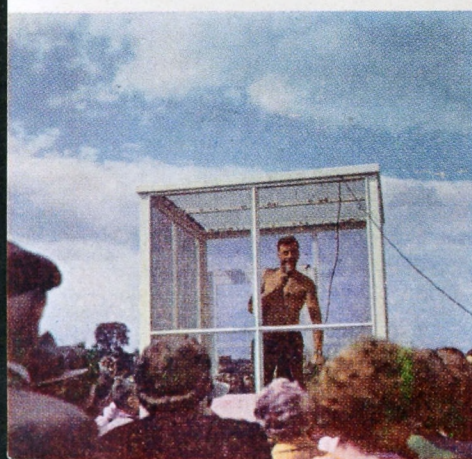
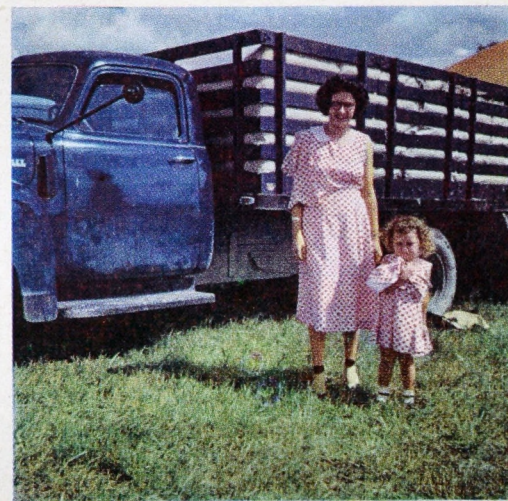
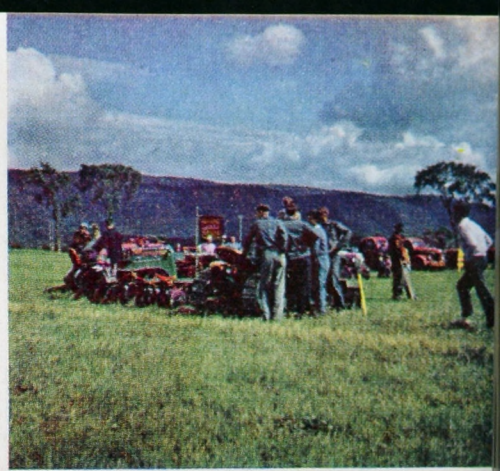
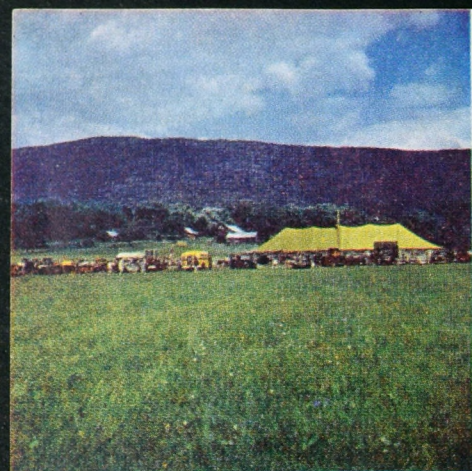
Our wealth, our strength, and our glory were all shaped and developed from the rugged, forthright efforts of the individual who dared to be an individual. I guess we must keep on that course for a spell longer. Wouldn't be sensible not to, seems if.

I know that Prof. Arnold Toynbee, the distinguished British historian, in his formidable six volume study of history published recently, does not recognize Vermont. Or Maine. And my friend Kenneth Roberts over in Kennebunkport, Maine, bravely leapt on Doctor Toynbee for his insult to Maine and Vermont in a wonderful polemic in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and we are thankful to Mr. Roberts for coming to our defense.

But I shall not leap on the learned Doctor of History. I know he says that Vermont is beyond the "optimum climatic area" and that nothing has ever happened or will ever happen in such a place . . . no accomplishments can be expected, and no culture may be born and flourish.

I shall invite Professor Toynbee to come to Vermont and make us a visit. I just want to tell him a few things about our chief export product. Even though we are beyond the area in which he has established the civilized world, it may well be that we are a good example of the theory I learned in grammar school: it takes the exception to prove the rule.

Readers are urged to send to Vrest Orton, Weston, Vermont, notices of unusual new businesses and ways of earning a living which have news and human interest value. Mention here in no way constitutes endorsement by either Mr. Orton or VERMONT LIFE.



MIDDLEBURY

Farmers' Field Day

By VIOLET CHATFIELD

Farm folk, the business firms that supply their needs, and the agricultural agencies that help to solve their problems find a common meeting ground at county field days, rapidly becoming a favorite farm gathering throughout New England.

- 1 Bright colors of the farm machinery exhibits and the billowing gold of the tent which houses the educational displays lend exciting carnival atmosphere.
- 2 A public address system is used by County Agt., Lucien Paquette, to announce events and give locations of demonstrations scattered over neighboring farms.
- 3 New types of farm machinery cause neighborly debates between farmers who solidly line up behind their favorite makes, discussing relative performance.



- 4 Intelligent questions from the farmers grouped about the contour plowing demonstrations increase the educational value of a well-planned program.
- 5 Fire-fighting equipment of a practical type for farm usage is demonstrated by Assistant Chief Donald Kelly of the Burlington, Vt. Fire Department.
- 6 The big noise of the day, heard for many miles around, was the blowing up of a 30,000 gallon capacity farm pond; 300 pounds of dynamite were used.



- 7 Mrs. Gerald Sawyer, hostess at a Home Demonstration Club exhibit, demonstrates home milk supply pasteurization, one way to combat undulant fever.
- 8 Mrs. Stephen Cooke and small daughter Shelley model smart mother and daughter frocks, sun back style with matching boleros, made from grain bags.
- 9 Exhibit set up by the Forest Service cooperating with the Extension Service instructs in selective cutting of the woodlot and shows wood products.



- 10 Voted the most interesting feature of the day was the bee-handling exhibition staged by Charles Mraz of Middlebury. Spots on cage—and man—are bees.
- 11 Governor Ernest Gibson, one of the speakers on a short mid-afternoon speaking program, enjoys a hot dog and a bottle of pop. You have to have the knack.
- 12 The Governor completes his maneuver with the "frank" and pitches in. Shortly afterward he made the Addison County Green Pastures Awards.

THE REAL MEANING OF HISTORY

☞ WHAT THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY DOES WITH ☞ ABOUT IT.



by MR. VREST ORTON

MY good friend Colonel Frank Monaghan, in a brilliant address before the annual meeting of THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, emphasized the signal importance of history by a novel and arresting metaphor. A man stricken with amnesia and carried to a hospital, Colonel Monaghan said, knows not who he is, where he is, where he has come from, or where he is going. Until he regains his *sense of history* (for that is what it amounts to) he is kept incarcerated because, without a sense of history, an individual is unable to cope with his environment and is a burden on society.

Society, without a sense of history, would be as lost as an individual with amnesia. It is not only agreeable and nostalgic for people to have a sense of history, but it is essential.

The venerable (111 year old) VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY, under the present leadership of President Leon S. Gay and Director Earle Williams Newton has, with this new belief in the importance of history, taken a new lease on life and become a dynamic and

*MR. ORTON, editorial associate of VERMONT LIFE, is also a member of the Board of Curators of the VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY and proprietor of Weston's Vermont Country Store.

vitaly significant force in Vermont. We have done this, not because we possess a collection of old and valuable historic material, but because we have a new and modern point of view about Vermont history and are thus able to bring a wealth of traditional material to bear upon the present.

As we see and use it, Vermont history is not antiquarianism. It is not the past for the past's sake. It is not, certainly, the archaic dusty oblivion of yesterday, put aside and preserved that any persons so minded may escape into it and renounce the pressing problems of today. Neither is Vermont history a wanton hand-maiden of patriotism in which the latter leads the former by the nose and, in this illegitimate team, the high moral principles of scholarship and truth are, like bastard children, left behind.

History, as the VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY views it, is a well built bridge from the past over to the future. We in the present are on the bridge, and to be a secure bridge, one abutment must be as firmly anchored as the other. Just as a man cannot cross a bridge without beginning on one end and ending on the other, so a man cannot live his life to the logical fullness thereof without being as firmly grounded in an understanding of the past, as he is as eloquently inspired by dreams of the future.

THE SOCIETY is trying, thus, to make the unique history of the Green Mountain state a genuine and prime asset to the people of Vermont. The fact that the increasing volume of newcomers to Vermont annually enhances our state income by millions of dollars and that so many do come because they are attracted and held by our diverting and intriguing *history*, is only one marked example of the tangible value of history to every inhabitant of this once independent and sovereign Republic.

But the principal and lasting importance of history to our people depends on intangible values. History is an ever present asset because our understanding of it gives us a longer perspective with which to view today and tomorrow. But even more significant than that, the man with an unclouded sense of history finds himself better able, in every way, to understand and thus to cope with the intensified and weighty problems of the world we live in. What, to the man without history, looks utterly

perplexing and opaque, becomes to the man deeply grounded in what has been thought and done in the past, not only a series of problems very much clearer, but often possible of resolution.

History then as we see it is, like life, a process of becoming. We cannot live without it, but we can better our lives with it when an organization like THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY is daily working to recreate history as a living and pertinent force in our daily lives.

That noble and revered American than whom none is greater, *Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes*, once uttered a most pregnant sentence of advice and counsel. "All life," he declared, "is action and passion. It is required of a man that he share the passion and action of his time, at the peril of being judged not to have lived."

The fact that this is so true and so pertinent this very hour and the fact that it was uttered by Mr. *Justice Holmes* sixty-five years ago, proves once more that the really great thoughts of the past never date and never die, and that to those with a good sense of history, the past is a deep and fertile field for both the mind and heart.

Vermont, it is often said, has given to the world more great men than any other state of the same population or even twice the population. Our chief export product someone has said, is genius.

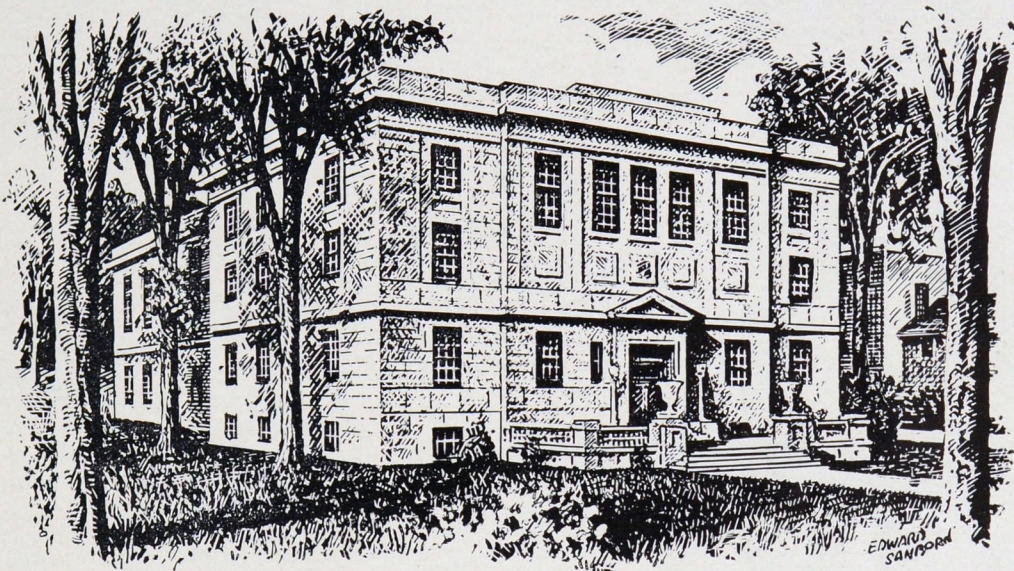


It is not by accident or chance, I think, that Vermont has produced so many original minds. It is because of the Vermont way of life. And the Vermont way of life is so irrevocably linked with our history that you cannot think of one without the other.

It is not difficult to understand the important part THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY plays in Vermont today.

Making History Live

THE STORY OF THE VERMONT HISTORICAL SOCIETY



By JOHN McDILL

SOME years ago an eminent American philosopher who was a summer visitor near Woodstock became deeply interested in Vermont. One evening during a general discussion of the traditions and ideals of the state, he quietly remarked, "Your state and local historical societies are the most important institutions in Vermont although relatively few people are aware of that fact."

In 1947 nearly 30,000 people visited the Vermont Historical Society's museum in the Supreme Court Building in Montpelier, and there were over 25,000 calls for books from the Society's library. This is heartening evidence of a dawning realization of the values and uses of history in our own home state.

We are all historians whether we know it or not. We use our knowledge of the past in every act of daily life and in making both individual and group decisions. Experience is just another word for history.

But if you ask the average man what he thinks the function of a historical society is you will receive some startling replies. One person has complained that the only historical society he knew was opened only on special occasions to receive valuable relics and was then hermetically sealed up again. And the president of our own Vermont Historical

Society, Leon S. Gay of Cavendish, is honest enough to confess that a decade back, like so many of his colleagues in the world of business and practical affairs, he thought all historical societies were alike—musty repositories of books and curios with exclusive membership of learned octogenarians gathered together in a twilight world to dwell on the glorious past and to condemn an obviously imperfect present.

It took Vermont's beloved author and interpreter, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, to alter Gay's opinion.

Ten years ago Leon Gay was sitting in the State Senate of the General Assembly of 1939. He was a textile mill owner with a notable record of success in the woolen business. He was also known as a generous public servant willing to support all manner of worthy causes. When historian John Spargo, after serving twelve years as president, proposed Senator Gay as his successor, the latter was not enthusiastic. But one day Mr. Gay asked Dorothy Canfield Fisher what she thought about it. "It's a real opportunity, Leon," she told him. "History is vital and alive and you can help the Vermont Historical Society make Vermont history live for Vermonters." By the time she had finished talking, Gay was convinced. He quickly discovered that the true function of a historical society is not only to collect and preserve

the records and relics of the past, but actively to interpret them and make them available to the people.

He accepted, but not without misgivings. In 1939 the Society had one employee. Its financial resources were limited. The chief interest of the public in its collections seemed to be genealogical rather than historical. Mr. Gay soon learned what he had to do.

He discovered that few people are interested in purely abstract facts like "the Growth of Democracy" or "the Industrial Revolution"; their real interest lies in what their ancestors or predecessors in a certain village did during a certain period. A Vermonter loves to learn about Vermont, especially about his own locality.

So he adopted the dynamic view of history as a living, practical, applicable force in the lives of Vermonters. In the language of the business world in which he had grown up, he determined to *sell* Vermont history to Vermonters. In the

Because Mr. Newton serves also as Director of the Vermont Historical Society, it seemed evident to the magazine's Advisory Board that he had, and would continue to omit from its pages the story of this valuable organization. We have therefore asked Mr. McDill to prepare it, and it is presented here on our responsibility, and not—for obvious reasons—Mr. Newton's. VO, AWP, WH.



language of academicians, he wished to develop the great educational resources of the Society for the benefit of his fellow citizens.

In order to do this Leon Gay brought to the Society all the wisdom and techniques of his experience as a business man. First he carefully surveyed its situation and resources; then he prepared budgets and stayed within them; he made long-term plans for expansion which were carried out step by step; thus, by making haste slowly, and by putting the Society's affairs on a sound business basis, he was in time able to expand the program of the Society's useful services.

But his master stroke was recognizing the need of having a director who was more than a librarian or a curator or a research historian. In 1942 he found the man in Earle Williams Newton. It was a happy choice and a fortunate day for Vermont when this gifted young man decided to make his career here.

Earle Newton is one of the busiest young men in Vermont. His talents are so diversified and his energy so boundless that he occupies a full-time position as Director of the Historical Society and a part time job as Editor of *Vermont Life*, not to mention his services to so many local, state and national organizations, that, to save space, we summarize the list of his offices with that most comprehensive and abrupt of all titles, "Etc." Intelligent, forceful, imaginative, personable—he has already won a leading place in the life of our state.

When Earle Newton walked into the Historical Society's quarters for the first time he faced a real challenge. The museum contains an astonishing number and variety of objects, all the way from a cherished vial of Abraham Lincoln's blood to Sinclair Lewis' Nobel prize medal in literature. There are collections of things "animal, vegetable and mineral" native to this Green Mountain state; relics of heroic figures such as Ethan Allen, Royall Tyler and General Lafayette; coins and ship models, early implements and pioneer costumes. Back of the museum towered the stacks of books and documents. Every nook and cranny was occupied. But Newton was not dismayed by the problems of an under-staffed organization and appallingly over-crowded conditions. As a historian he knew how far the Society had come since its founding by Henry Stevens of Barnet, Vermont, 104 years before.

Henry Stevens was a true north-country original, a passionate antiquarian and collector. His even more famous son,



LEON GAY, Cavendish woolen manufacturer, helped introduce business methods into the 111 year old organization.

PICTURES AT LEFT

Martha Parsons (top left) runs the office, and in a brief year of part-time work, has become an indispensable member of the staff.

Pliny Morse, general amanuensis, does nearly everything. All staff members have to double up and work constant overtime—without extra pay. Here he sells one of the Society's latest publications to Board Member George Amidon, also State Tax Commissioner.

Natural History collections come under the jurisdiction of the State Geologist, who is resident in Burlington. Staff members try to assuage curiosity of junior inquisitors.

Society's Board is drawn from all over the state, all walks of life. Here the Endowment Committee composed of John McDill, Vest Orton and President Gay, lay plans to increase the Society's endowment, static for over 15 years. Revenue comes about equally from state and private sources.

EARLE NEWTON has directed Society's attention into educational fields as well as those of research and publications.



likewise named Henry Stevens, a pithy, pungent individualist, possessed by a life-long love of books and a stern regard for learning, became one of America's foremost bibliographers. In 1848 the Society found its first home in the second State House which subsequently burned, destroying everything except the massive portrait of George Washington now hanging in the museum.

Ten different presidents have served the Society through alternating periods of ups and downs, among them Hon. E. P. Walton, editor of *Walton's Vermont Register*, a household bible in Vermont families even today. Gov. William W. Stickney of Ludlow became president in 1907 and during his 20-year term of office did much to build up the Society, increasing its state appropriation from \$100 to \$5,000 a year, a sum which was temporarily lost when the Society acquired its first endowment.

Today the Vermont Historical Society, which began as a private undertaking, is very definitely a semi-public institution. It receives an annual appropriation from the State of Vermont. It occupies quarters specially designed for it by the state in the Library and Supreme Court Building. The Secretary of State, State Librarian and Auditor of Accounts are *ex officio* members of the Society's Board of Curators.

In its private aspect the Society derives its chief revenue from the Wilbur Fund, its sole endowment gift, amounting to \$100,000 and yielding an amount which has diminished steadily as interest rates have declined. Thus, the Society's greatest need is more endowment, not to replace, but to supplement its state appropriation. The work of the Society is being carried out on a shoestring; its program has expanded to such a degree that unless it can secure substantial endowment through gifts, or through bequests by those who wish to remember the Society in their wills, its work and value will be tragically curtailed.

With a small budget of about \$16,000 the Society performs something of a modern miracle. There is probably no organization in the whole of Vermont that gives so much for every dollar received. It is difficult to evaluate the massive record of accomplishment by the Society. Much of it is in the realm of the intangible; services that promote good will, curiosity, enthusiasm, interest. But enough is done in the world of actualities so that it can fairly be said: *Seldom has so much been done for so many with so little—and by so few.*

The Society maintains a staff of four loyal, hardworking persons: Director Earle Newton, Librarian Clara Follette, Custodian Pliny Morse and Secretary Martha Parsons. This quartet handles the 30,000 annual visitors, the 25,000 calls for books, the cataloguing, correspondence, the preparation of exhibits, an extensive educational and publishing program and all the multitudinous details of the Society's business.

Believing, as it does, that its chief aim is educational, the Society publishes at its own expense a series of books on Vermont, including social and economic studies as well as local histories. Recent examples are: *The Role of Transportation in the Development of Vermont* by Col. William J. Wilgus; two studies of the influential Vermont medical colleges at Woodstock and Castleton by Frederick C. Waite. Annually the Society awards a fellowship in support of historical research.

Recently, through the generous gift of \$10,000 given by Miss Jenny Watts, *Peacham, The Story of a Vermont Hill Town*, has been completed by Prof. Ernest L. Bogart and has already set new standards of excellence in the field of town histories.

Another ambitious undertaking is the preparation of a ten-volume history of the state called *Growth of Vermont* under the editorship of Mr. Newton. It already includes such impressive titles as L. D. Stilwell's *Migration from Vermont*, D. M. Ludlum's *Social Ferment in Vermont*, and H. F. Wilson's *Hill Country of Northern New England*.

The Society also regularly publishes the *Vermont Quarterly*, a scholarly historical magazine which the general reader can enjoy as well as the learned.

The young people of our state are not neglected. Every year more than 1,000 students compete in the Edmund's Prize Essay contest run by Vice President Arthur W. Peach. Cash prizes are awarded by the Society for the best papers on Vermont subjects. And to fill a tremendous educational need the indefatigable Mr. Newton has just completed a history of the state, *The Vermont Story*. Required to reach Vermont history, the teachers of the state have never had an adequate textbook to use, and the requirement has been met perfunctorily, if at all. *Vermont Story* is the first step in the Society's program to rectify that situation. It also plans to supply filmstrips, maps, radio scripts, and movies.

For young and old alike the Society is now giving a series of weekly radio



BOOKS increase steadily. Most of them are rare and irreplaceable, and cannot be discarded to make way for new. Thus the library is gradually pushing the museum out the front door. Newton hopes to move the library into the front offices, leaving the main room for the State Museum.

LIBRARIAN Clara Follette consults the complete and incredibly detailed card catalog of the Society's collections. Over 4000 books were used in the month of March 1949 alone. Painting, from the Museum's extensive collection, is of Admiral Charles E. Clark, of Bradford, who piloted the "Oregon" around Cape Horn in a spectacular race to reach Cuba in time to defeat the Spanish navy in 1898. He made it.

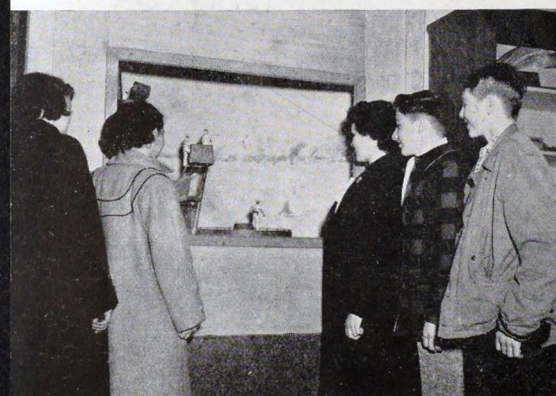




SOCIETY'S collections provide source of material for scholars and legislators. Representative Adino Bell of Lunenburg (left) is the senior member of the House.



EXHIBITS include great relief map of the state's rugged topography.



DIORAMA of Admiral George Dewey's victory of Manila Bay fascinates young and old alike. It is the first of a series projected by the Society. In the single month of February 1949, 5,500 persons visited the museum.



broadcasts, called "This is Vermont." Based on events and personalities in Vermont history these radio dramas are broadcast every Wednesday evening at eight o'clock, and are rebroadcast all over the state. Coordinated with it is a weekly column of historical matter carried in leading newspapers throughout the state. Soon the Society expects to produce a feature length movie in color covering the romantic early period of Vermont history. It also presents a constant series of special exhibits, such as the Vermont Exhibit at the Eastern States Exposition in Springfield, Mass., and the exhibits accompanying the arrival of the Freedom Train in Montpelier two years ago, as well as the French Merci Train this year.

In an effort to preserve historic houses the Society has acquired through gift of Atwater Kent the famous Kent Tavern in Calais which has been restored and will soon serve as an auxiliary "Country Museum" to relieve the almost impossible pressures on the Montpelier museum. In March of 1949 Kent provided a permanent endowment of \$30,000 for its maintenance. Similarly the Jedediah Hyde Log Cabin on Grand Isle is being restored as a prime example of an early settler's dwelling.

And as if this program were not enough, Earle Newton has carried on into other allied fields as the begetter of activities which the resources of the Society could not support. He advocated the formation of a state *Historic Sites Commission* and secured an initial \$20,000 appropriation for the care of historic sites, and for the erection of historic markers along the highways of Vermont.

In 1943 he proposed a program for the proper care and custody of the archives of the state and a revitalization of the Public Records Commission, which he now serves as Secretary. Likewise he is working with the Secretary of State's office in their long term project of collating, editing and publishing official records. He is now preparing a new volume of *State Papers* with the learned Mrs. Mary G. Nye of Berlin.

But his most notable venture outside the Society is *Vermont Life* itself. Recognizing the need of a popular state magazine, colorful both in text and pictures, which would seek and secure a wide general audience, and knowing that the Society lacked the funds with which to do it, with Gov. Mortimer Proctor's aid, in 1945 he obtained the sponsorship of the Vermont Development Commission. Mr. Newton was released part-

time to edit the magazine. The results surpassed everyone's wildest expectations of success. From a first issue of 12,000, circulation has skyrocketed to 50,000. It has earned the enviable reputation of being the finest state publication in the United States. All three members of its Advisory Board (Vrest Orton, Arthur Peach, Walter Hard) are also members of the Board of Curators of the Historical Society.

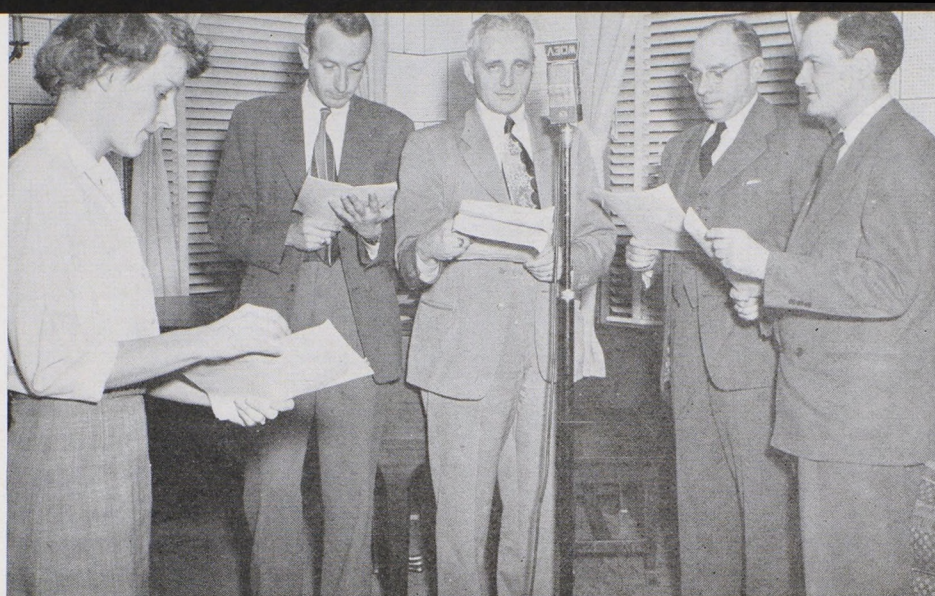
The Society has over 750 members. Active Members pay annual dues of \$3 and Sustaining Members \$5. Life Members who pay \$100 are exempt from dues. All members receive the Vermont Quarterly without additional cost, and Sustaining Members benefit from frequent valuable book dividends. Anyone is welcome to join on application to the Society in Montpelier, Vermont.

The Society is without doubt one of the leading publicity agents for the State of Vermont. It played a large part in the success of the Vermont Sesquicentennial Celebration of 1941. It works closely with and assists other state departments in countless ways. It even reaches out into the realm of business by supplying information for the most successful series of advertisements ever put out by a Vermont firm, the historical incidents drawn for the National Life Insurance Company and widely circulated all over the country. President Gay himself has become deeply interested in encouraging the writing of histories of businesses in Vermont; his own company published a model volume entitled *Neither Wealth Nor Poverty*. He and Mr. Newton make a vigorous good will team for the state, traveling all over New England and even farther afield—once as far as Texas, in behalf of the Society.

This work has not been accomplished without the aid of such stalwart members of the Board of Curators as Prof. Arthur W. Peach of Norwich, long editor of the Society's quarterly magazine, Harold Rugg of the Dartmouth Library, dean of present-day bibliographers on Vermont, John Clement of Rutland, Dorman Kent of Montpelier, and Prof. Leon Dean of the University of Vermont. There are many others, but these named have labored longest in the vineyard. Curators and members gather annually in Montpelier for a pleasant dinner meeting, climaxed by a public address in the State Capitol when the General Assembly is

← KENT TAVERN in Calais was given to the Society by radio manufacturer Atwater Kent. It is being restored as a Country Museum of the life of yesteryear. Left is an old photo of the house in its heyday.

RADIO dramatization "This is Vermont" is given weekly October through June. Right, cast awaits signal to begin an episode from the life of Gen. Leonard F. Wing. Left to right, Paula Dame, who writes and directs the broadcasts, Paul Guare, Gov. Ernest W. Gibson and PSC Chairman James Holden (both comrades in arms of Gen. Wing) and Director Earle Newton, who began the programs in 1947. →



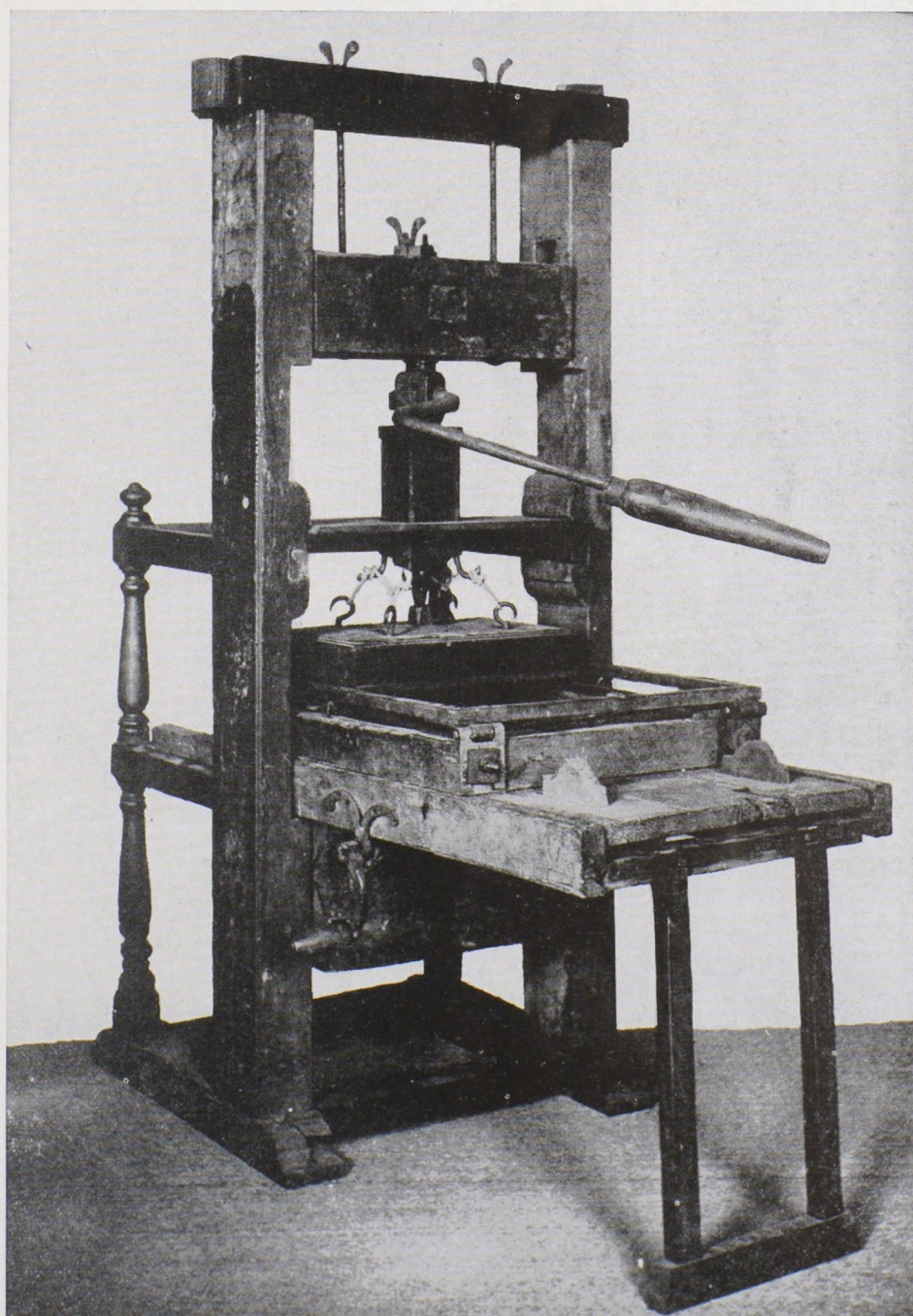
in session. Warren Austin, U. S. Representative to the United Nations was the 1949 speaker.

The attention of any visitor to the Society's museum is at once attracted by an arresting object of great size, made of dark-colored wood and metal. At a distance it resembles a pillory or some pioneer engine of punishment. But the descriptive placard announces it a peaceful and creative instrument. It is the world-famous Stephen Daye press, the first printing press to be used in America. It is the Society's most cherished possession; it might be taken to symbolize all its aspirations, as well as proclaiming its intention of keeping for all men—as the printed word can best do—the rich record of the past.

On the wall facing the Stephen Daye press the visitor who turns around will see the pictures of all the governors of Vermont from Thomas Chittenden on down to the present. It is worth speculating whether the average visitor would recognize any of these worthies by appearance alone or remember what he did, except perhaps for governors of recent years. And if our governors, our first citizens, are forgotten, what of the rest? Mankind forgets with shocking swiftness the names and deeds of the greatest of human beings. Heroes play their parts and disappear from memory, governments come and go, laws are enacted and neglected, battles, great economic and social changes, the inventions and creations of men—all these things would vanish almost instantly were it not for the intervention of the historian. In the end he has the last word.

If Vermont—its hills and valleys, its towns and villages, its people and all their works—should be destroyed by some cataclysm of nature, and, if, by some miracle, that one building which houses the Historical Society and the State Library be spared the general destruction, the books and relics it contains would give assurance that the ideals and accomplishments of generations of Vermonters will not perish.

DAYE PRESS is most treasured possession of Society. From it came the first printed word in the U.S. (1639), as well as the first Vermont imprints. →



*A guest's-eye view
of one of the state's
beauty spots and of
the family that built
there a unique
summer resort.*

BY

Arthur T. Warner

PHOTOGRAPHY BY

Allen Beach



NATURE has given peculiar beauty to Lake Champlain—perhaps majesty is the word more aptly describing it. And that same nature has given historical importance to the Lake, because of its significance as a waterway between Canada and the lands to the south, first French, then British, now American.

It is 340 years this July, since Samuel de Champlain brought his birch bark flotilla down the lake past Basin Harbor. His writings indicate that he may have spent a night at the mouth of Otter Creek and at Button Bay. Following his discovery of the lake, this broad watery highway was used by various war parties and temporary settlers, but it was not until 1799 that a real tourist appeared on the scene. An artist-writer, Isaac Weld secured a sloop at Whitehall and made his way up the lake. Upon returning to England he wrote a book about his travels in America, in one place mentioning passing the Basin Harbor area as follows: "The scenery along various parts of the lake is extremely grand and picturesque, particularly Crown Point; the shores are there beautifully ornamented with hanging woods and rocks, and the mountains on the western side rise up in ranges one behind the other in the most magnificent manner. It was one of the finest evenings possible that we passed along this part of the lake, and the sun setting in all his glory behind the mountains, spread the richest tints over every part of the prospect." He was followed by many traveler-writers, nearly all of whom had a good word to say about Lake Champlain.

In 1809 James and John Winans, who

had been down on the Hudson helping Fulton build the "Clermont," came back to their home at Basin Harbor and launched the first steamboat on Lake Champlain to run on a regular schedule. It operated from Whitehall to St. Johns. After the War of 1812, steamboating on the Lake started in a real manner. In the 1830s, traffic was so heavy that a series of lighthouses were built. Basin Harbor was a popular stopping place and the "Homestead" was entertaining guests at that time, continuing to do so under many owners up to the present time. Aside from small Inns of this kind, there was no large development of a resort nature along the Lake until 1900, when the Delaware & Hudson R. R. built Hotel Champlain at Bluff Point, near Plattsburgh, N. Y.

But the same nature that bequeathed majesty, beauty and historical significance to Lake Champlain, placed it just far enough from the metropolitan centers of New York and Boston, so that the development of the Lake and its valley for summer resort purposes was held back and delayed by that distance itself.

Around the turn of the century the Delaware and Hudson Railroad was attempting to advertise the desirability of Lake Champlain in its annual advertising literature—a booklet entitled "A Summer's Paradise." Although the Bluff Point hotel was a fine old house, well and favorably known, poor transportation facilities held back the development of the region as a vacation playground.

Then came the automobile and with it, improved highways, bridges that cut down mileage and speeded trips. In the early 20's a family would take two

BASIN HARBOR

An historic arm of Lake Champlain becomes a center for summer recreation



LAKE CHAMPLAIN (top), an historic waterway, is today one of Vermont's principal centers for summer recreation—swimming, boating, sightseeing—and just resting. The curve of Basin Harbor (above) makes a natural pool for water sports of all kinds (right).





days to travel from New York to Burlington, Vt. by auto; the first day to reach Albany, and the next day on through Saratoga, Glens Falls to Hudson Falls, Whitehall, Rutland and thence to Burlington.

With the improvement in the highways and the building of the Champlain Bridge the same trip is now made in 7-8 hours and with much greater ease and comfort. The results are that the Champlain Valley is now close, relatively, to New York and Boston.

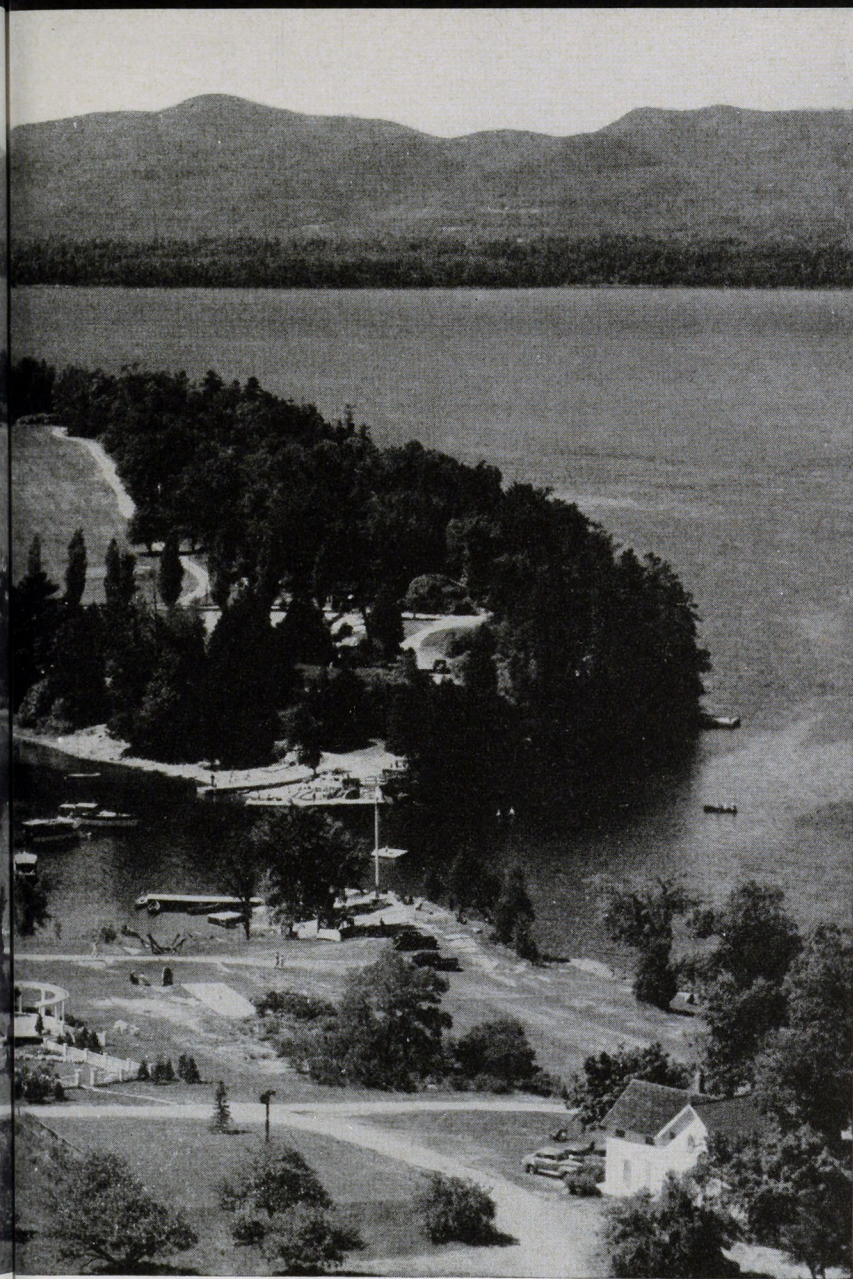
Located on the Lake some 20 miles directly south of Burlington at the narrows of the Lake, Basin Harbor presents a scene of marvelous beauty. The "Basin" is exactly that—a circular harbor approximately 400 yards across,

deep enough at the entrance for pleasure craft—a high bluff around the basin, well timbered, and an unsurpassed view to the west and north, across the lake toward Split Rock Mountain, one mile north, directly in front of the superb rock formation known locally as the "Palisades" where, for many years, a pair of American Eagles built their nest and raised their young. To sit on the shore at Basin Harbor and gaze at sunsets over the Adirondacks is a glory never to be forgotten.

Basin Harbor is not a "resort" as the word is usually meant. Instead, it is a summer colony—a group of summer homes. And emphasis should be placed on the home angle, because that is what sets it apart and makes it unique. "Basin

Harbor" is becoming a tradition. It is a symbol of what the Beach Family has accomplished through three generations,—in the creation of a development that is unique in its conception and accomplishment.

Some of the Beach family were living on a farm at Basin Harbor in 1885. Guests were being entertained at The Lodge soon after that time. Starting as a Farm,—in the true sense of the word, the first generation of Beaches to operate Basin Harbor had the ownership of "Basin Harbor Lodge." This consisted of a small hotel, with some 30 odd rooms and a self sustaining farm. There were cows to provide milk, butter and cream,—a garden for table vegetables,—chickens, pigs, sheep, turkeys, ducks, etc. Before



the twenties, when the Lake steamers stopped twice daily and Grandpa Harvey Beach journeyed to Vergennes with horse and buggy to meet the guests from the Rutland trains, Basin Harbor started to grow as a family summer vacation spot.

The woods along the lake offered a multitude of inviting spots for outdoor camping, and consequently small, crude, rustic cabins were built. These were of simple design—a board floor, canvas sides and tops, a cot, washstand and dresser, oil lamps—and mid-victorian plumbing. However, they had their appeal of outdoor life; they were inexpensive and became more and more popular. Consequently, as time passed, and the place grew in prestige and popularity, these cabins were gradually replaced with more

substantial structures that partook of the plan and scope of more pretentious cottages.

Proceeding on a steady and conservative building program, the Beaches (then the second generation) designed and erected a group of cottages, some forty-six in number, that offered accommodations of varying size and equipment. All are well placed, have magnificent views of lake or mountains, and are substantial in construction details and comfort. They are largely homemade products, not only the buildings themselves, but also the interior furnishings including draperies, etc. There is a well equipped cabinet shop, with wood-working machinery, where practically all the furniture is made and chairs upholstered by the permanently

engaged personnel, during the long Vermont winters. They just carry on the old maxim, that a Vermonter works all the time. But the result is that the latest, most up-to-date cottages at Basin Harbor have all the modern conveniences—fire places, beautiful picture windows, refrigeration—and are strictly modern in design and comfort.

Meanwhile the cottage development was not the only evidence of planning and expansion. In 1936, the Beaches bought the property on the north side of the Basin consisting of 136 acres, and a fine historic old stone house (now known as Harbor Homestead). The stone house was modernized and added to, and a group of cottages were built in the wooded section along the lake front, extending from the northerly side of the Basin itself.

All this growth meant that the old farm type of life had to be relegated to the discard. The cow pasture and kitchen garden were changed into a golf course, and the fine old barn was rebuilt into a club house with a stage and a dance floor of ample dimensions.

Increasing size soon produced an overflowing dining room and again the Beaches had to make new plans to provide for growth. At the close of the war, in 1945, a new large dining room was built, adjoining the old Lodge building, to the east. New kitchen facilities also had to be provided, and these are modern in every detail. The new dining room faces the lake and the glorious view toward Split Rock Mountain. Big picture windows are on the lake side. It is light and airy and will comfortably seat 250 guests. Much long distance planning is done in the matter of food supply. Meat, poultry, etc. is bought in wholesale quantities in the fall and winter in local markets, and put down in deep freeze for use the next summer.

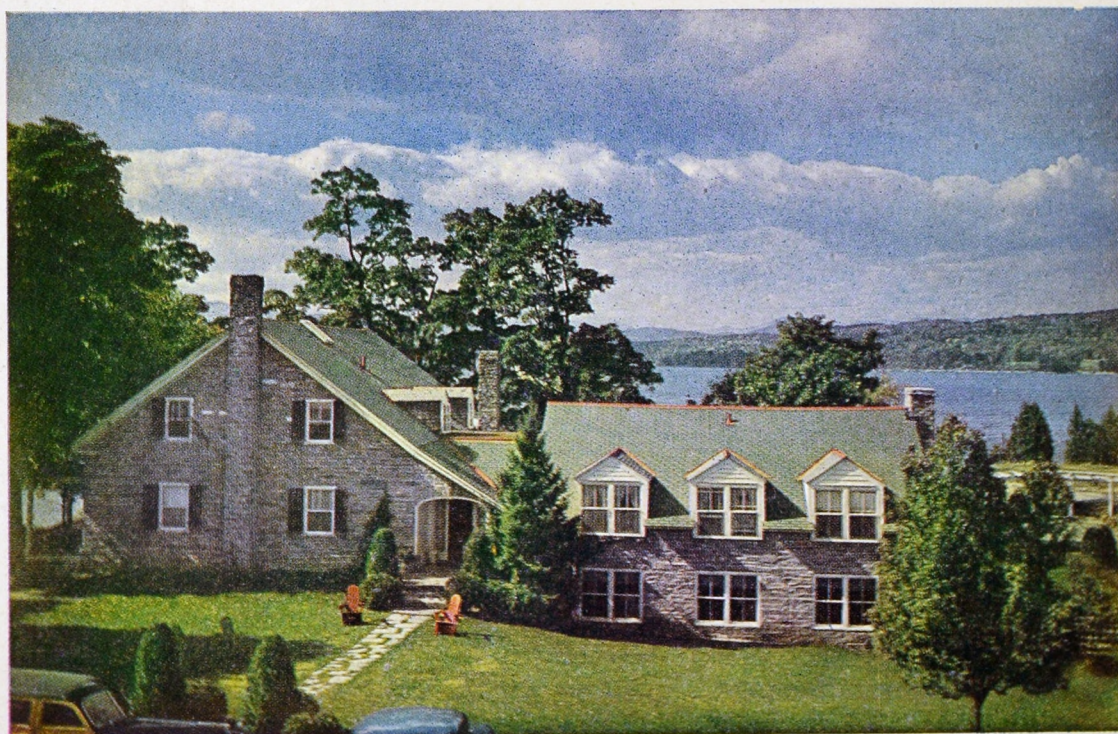
So much for the physical and geographical description of the place.

Mere looks, however, do not create appeal or provide attraction. There is always a spirit to a place which gains special distinction. There is something about the place that "grows on one" and the longer one stays and knows it better, the more one feels that it is "growing on you." Apparently the sense of "belonging" to the place comes from the absorption of the "home" atmosphere. The guests are remarkably and intensely congenial and friendly. Many of the same families return year after year, usually to occupy cottages that have been specially built for them, on locations personally selected and from plans long



Courtesy Bryant Chucking Grinder Co.

*HARBOR
HOMESTEAD*



discussed. The guests, therefore, have a proprietary interest in the place.

Then, too, the Beaches are careful and methodical in the selection of the staff personnel. The problem is to build from a small permanent organization that stays through the winter to take care of the perennial housekeeping matters, painting, repairing, and new construction—then to build this small organization into a cohesive group of over a hundred employees that can work as a team for the short season of comparatively frantic activity. The recruiting grounds are largely colleges and schools, including Middlebury College and the University of Vermont, as well as Harvard, Yale, Brown and Cornell. They have their own comfortable living quarters and organized employee activities are handled through a "council," appointed by the staff itself, which confers with management concerning all matters of mutual interest.

Basin Harbor provides a complete round of activities. For sports, there is the 9 hole golf course, now 22 years old and improving every year. There is plenty of good tennis and of course, there is the lake, and everything that goes with it—good fishing, bathing and all kinds of boating. And the Basin itself is a safe place for small children.

The social life of the place is as varied as the individual wants to make it. The social butterfly can find parties every day, if such is desired, while the person who wants to rest and relax has the complete privacy that cottage life affords. Everyone does exactly as he chooses.

Basin Harbor guests stay by it—they return again and again. They bring their friends with them and the friends return again and again. The Beaches do little advertising, except to announce opening dates and dates of closing, and to build up early and late season business. But as far as July and August are concerned, there is no point in advertising because they have nothing to offer—the place is filled up solid. Study the results at Basin Harbor during the depression years in the 30's when many resorts were half full or closed up. Basin Harbor was full as usual; the same people kept coming back because they found there a rewarding and homelike atmosphere.

Recently Basin Harbor has become a Club. This change is another example of the close cooperation between the guests and management. Many guests felt that the place had about reached its maximum growth and should not expand further. They wanted some protection and some voice in future plans and consequently urged the management to consider the

ACTIVITIES characterize the modern resort. Basin Harbor features active guest participation in such events as old fashioned singing (right), country dances, water carnivals and a variety of special events.



ROLE of Lake Champlain, past and present, is symbolized in this picture of Allen Beach, owner of the unusual Basin Harbor Club, with a model of Winans' original "Vermont," first steamboat of many to sail the lake, and precursor of an era of extensive freight and passenger traffic, now long past. →

Club idea. The Beach family was sympathetic to this attitude, and as a result the Basin Harbor Club has become a reality. It is similar to other Club organizations, with membership having both privileges and responsibilities. The guest members will, as usual, work with the staff on the season's programs, sports, tournaments, social affairs, dances, bridge parties, etc. There is an insistence that many of the old landmarks be maintained. Sunday evening vespers, for instance, instituted and insisted on by Grandpa Beach, are still continued. And no liquor is served.

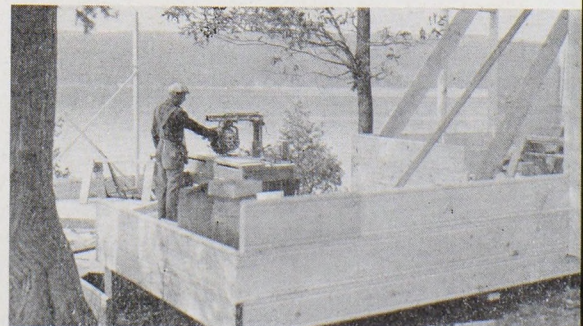
The present owner, Allen Penfield Beach, started his hotel work at Basin Harbor in 1909; hence this marks the fortieth year under present management. Four children, Elizabeth, Marjorie, David, and Robert came along in due course of time, and by the time they were in early teens, were starting to do their part to make the place go.

At the present time, Betty (Peabody) is living—with her family—in Ohio; Marjorie—now Mrs. John Maloney—and her husband help with the management of Basin Harbor; David is manager of the Woodstock Inn in Woodstock, Vt.; Robert and his wife, Merle, are part of the Basin Harbor staff, Bob being resident manager. A fourth generation has now put in an appearance and before long will begin to take on responsibilities. At least, if the Beach influence holds out, they will.

Mr. Warner is a Basin Harbor visitor of long standing, and his reactions are—appropriately—those of a "consumer" of two of Vermont's most salable products: beauty and organized hospitality. ED.

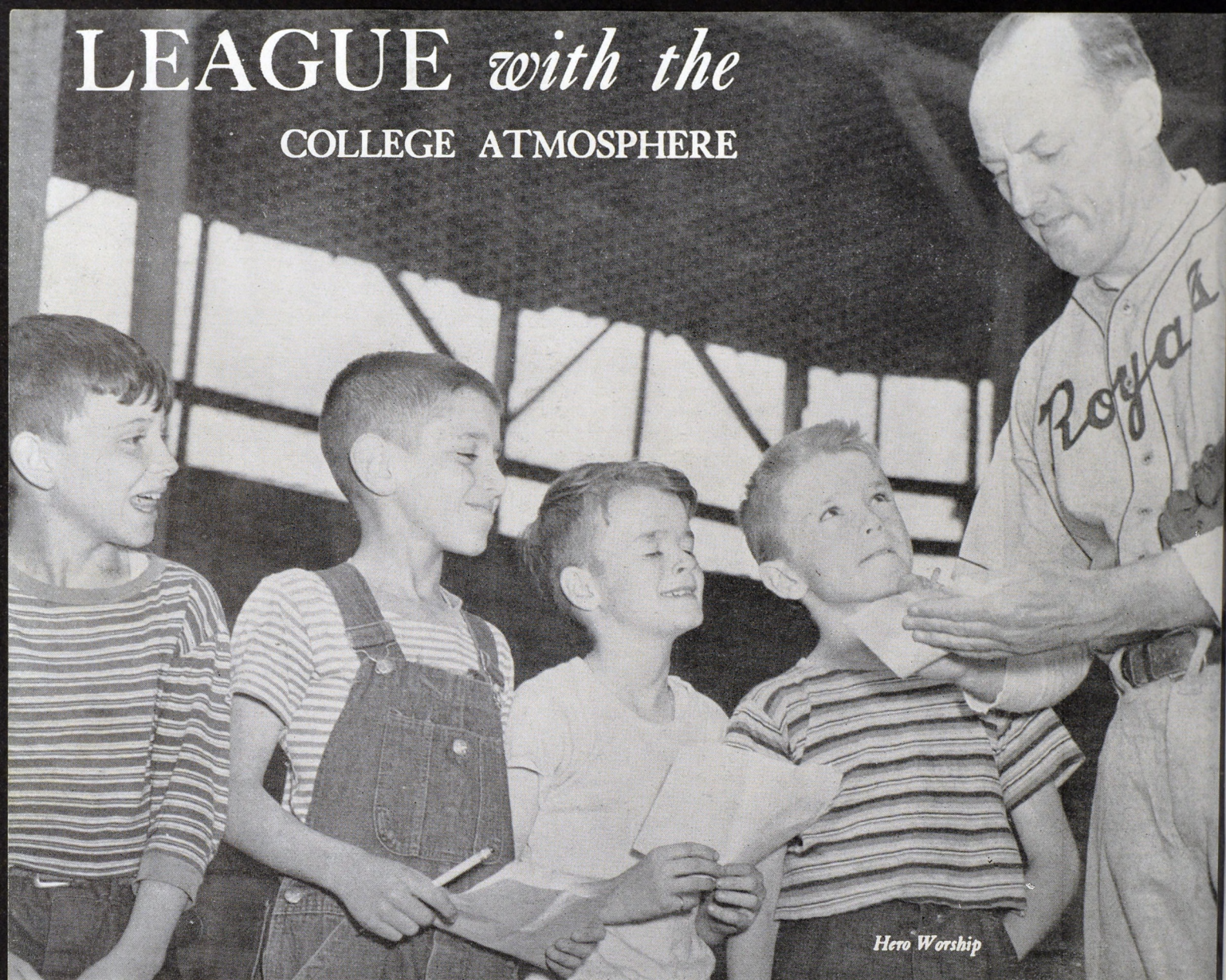


SELF-CONTAINED, Basin Harbor even prefabricates its own cottages, in a unique plank system devised by Beach, who will make them for anyone. Erection time is halved.



LEAGUE *with the*

COLLEGE ATMOSPHERE



Hero Worship

Merusi

THE gent who first warbled, "Let's All Sing Like the Birdies Sing" probably never did his solo in a ball park, and it's a crying shame. Singing—used loosely, here of course—is the best part of a ball game, "birdies" (boos) to the contrary. For instance, the umpire sings, "Strike three, you're out." The batter, somewhat insulted, sings the blues and the crowd, not to be outdone, sings "Three Blind Mice." Here in Vermont everyone—that is the nice people—sings the praises of the Northern League, a baseball circuit so dominated by the college ball players that it is colorfully called, "The League with the College Atmosphere."

Before delving further into this league, which was resurrected in 1940, let us

by HENRY JURRAS

glance back and skim lightly over the good old days when gals wore the "New Look" and men didn't know it. As far back as 1901 Vermont was becoming baseball conscious when St. Albans joined with three New York teams to form the very first Northern League. Cal Morton, a clothier, and John Thompson, owner of the American House there, were instrumental in spreading the gospel of baseball in St. Albans and the neighboring communities.

By 1903 diamond dust was kicked up considerably in the Green Mountain State and three Vermont teams merged

with Plattsburgh, N. Y., the lone out-of-state entry that year. St. Albans was in, Rutland came on and George Whitney, horseman and business man, was the propelling force behind Burlington's making its initial bow in baseball. The following year Arthur "Punch" Daley, who managed St. Albans in 1901, settled in Montpelier and one of the state's most colorful sportsmen blended granite-grown Barre City and the State Capitol into what was known as the Barre-Montpelier combine. Games were played at Intercity park which now has a roadside restaurant roosting on top of the soil that legendary Northern League heroes left in their wake.

The League led a merry life, waging many great pitching battles in the days

when the boys bet their shirts on the spin of a single pitch. However, the circuit was, as a whole, unholy in its code of ethics. There were no contracts to hold the ball players in tow, some shifting to another team at the flash of a dollar sign. Burlington has yet to convince Barre-Montpelier that George Whitney didn't steal pitcher "Rube" Vickers from under its very nose for an extra \$25 and a few snorts of corn liquor, gulped under the grandstand.

It isn't any wonder then that the league folded in 1906 and closed its books, but not without a bang, for the door was slammed shut on baseball for 17 long years. In any event the die-hards had many sad summers in which to recall the feats of their favorites. They included the likes of "Heinie" Zimmerman, Plattsburgh; Eddie Grant, St. Albans and Barre-Montpelier; Rube Vickers and Jack Warner, Burlington; Eddie Collins and Dave Sheehan, Rutland; Frank Shaughnessy, Jack Coombs and Ed Ruelbach, Barre-Montpelier and Paul Kritchell, the little Plattsburgh catcher who prowls the Northern League today as a talent scout for the New York Yankees.

There were many others whose names grace the sport pages from time to time lighting up a glorious diamond's dim past. Coombs starred for Connie Mack's Athletics and now sends many youngsters to this league from Duke University where he coaches. Bill McCahan, Jack's prize pupil, only two years ago pitched a no-hit ball game for the same team Coombs climbed to fame with. Collins, who played under the name of Sullivan in this league, was an all-time great with the Chicago White Sox but today he is even better off in a business capacity with the Boston Red Sox. Warner caught for Detroit, and Vickers, an eccentric individual, forgot his shenanigans long enough to make good with Washington.

Ed Ruelback came to the Barre-Montpelier team fresh off the Notre Dame campus, married Nellie Whalen, a Montpelier girl, and later made his debut with the immortal Chicago Cubs becoming Frank Chance's pitching mainstay. No pitcher has yet equalled his feat of hurling two shutouts in one afternoon (5-0 and 3-0 over the Brooklyn Dodgers) and his record of 50 consecutive scoreless innings stands unchallenged today. Frank Shaughnessy is president of the International League. Zimmerman played with stormy John McGraw's New York Giants and Dave Shean starred for the Red Sox. Eddie Grant was brilliant with



Robin Roberts, who still holds the Northern League pitchers' record with 18 wins and 3 defeats for the Barre-Montpelier Twin City team, is now with the Phillies.

Umpire Williams raises his arm and yells "You're out" as the Rutland Royal catcher applies the ball to sliding Keene player at a night game in Rutland. (Merusi)





Merusi

Even NL has its rhubarb. Umpire O'Brien tells off Manager Lefevre of Rutland Royals.



Merusi

Keene shortstop and Rutland catcher collide. Alert umpire stands ready to call the play.



Charles Gesswein

Buck Desorcy of St. Albans tries a quarterback sneak. Umpire Gorman says he didn't make it.

Barre-Montpelier's winning team of 1905 and Manager Daly, colorful figure in early 1900's.

Courtesy Elmer Pierce



the Giants. When World War I cut his colorful career short a memorial was placed in deep center field at the Polo Grounds where Eddie once pranced around third base.

Vermont baseball fans had served their time insofar as baseball was concerned; in 1923 the siege was over, bringing with it a new baby called, "The Green Mountain League." It consisted of six teams: Burlington, Rutland, Newport, St. Johnsbury, Barre-Montpelier and Ticonderoga, N. Y. Yet, in spite of all the strength the name implied dissention struck its ranks. Rutland and Montpelier severed connections with the GML but Barre stayed on. The league, which saw "Jeff" Tesreau and Ray Fisher, ex-big-league pitchers playing with Newport, called it a day at the conclusion of the 1924 season after a brief tenure of two years.

During the same season Montpelier and Rutland decided to try organized ball for size, joining the Quebec-Vermont-Ontario League. But the loop laid an egg for the Vermont entries and they dropped out in mid-season. Again the bottom fell out of Northern League baseball and it hit the mothballs, this time for 12 years. Fortunately Burlington barged into a Northern New York League formed in 1933 and the game came up for air again in these parts. At any rate, the Queen City's cue was destined to bring the diamond game back to Vermont. Burlington became a member of the N. Y. loop in 1936 and others followed a year later.

That was the year, too, that cigar-smoking Joe Mingin, a barrel-chested dispenser of the diamond industry, hauled his Tupper Lake team out of New York state, after playing week-day games there, and with another league member, staged Sunday games in St. Albans. No reason was given for this unusual procedure but the natives in St. Albans fell in love with baseball again and got the rights to a franchise when Tupper Lake folded at the end of the '36 season.

Mingin, always on the march, migrated to Montpelier where he helped to assemble an entry in 1937. In that year St. Albans, Montpelier and Burlington formed a loop with Plattsburgh, Malone and Saranac Lake, N. Y. A year later Tupper Lake got that old feeling and with Rutland made it an eight-league affair which lasted through 1939. The circuit was then made up of four New York and four Vermont teams. It didn't last, however, as voting issues between the two factions were invariably deadlocked and after considerable wrangling, to no end, the league disbanded and the present North-

ern League, Inc., was formed in 1940.

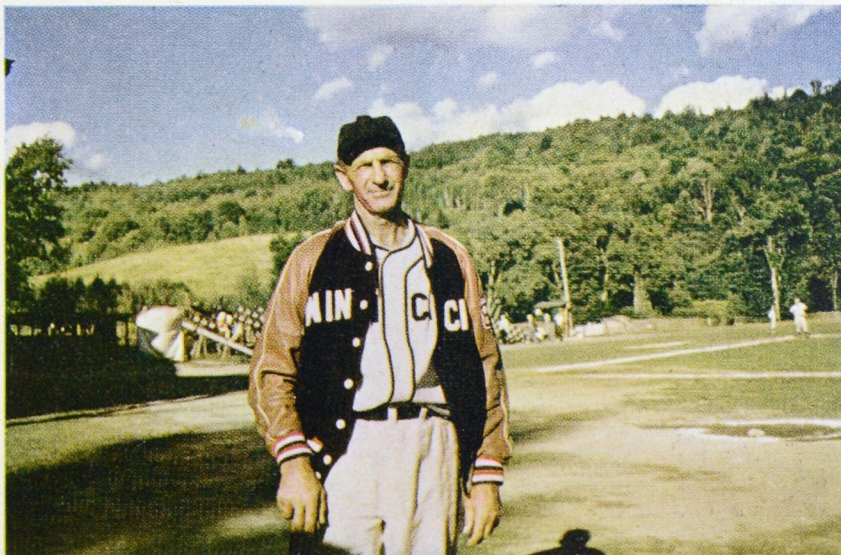
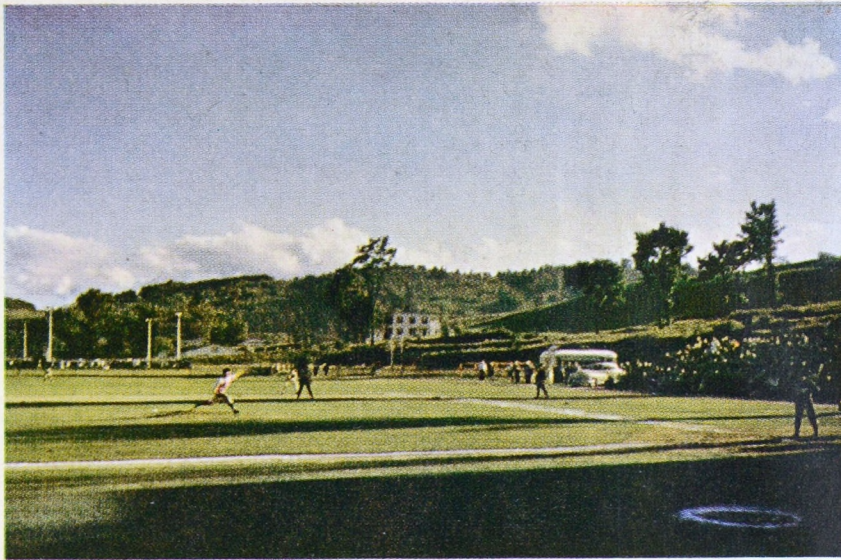
League members at the time were: Glens Falls, N. Y., Claremont, N. H., Montpelier, Burlington, Rutland, Bennington, Brattleboro and St. Albans. War halted operations from 1942 through 1945 and when play was resumed in 1946, Keene, N. H. replaced Claremont and St. Johnsbury took over for Glens Falls. It was like old times, of course, when Barre linked with Montpelier after a lapse of 23 years.

Last year was a bit rough when the Eastern College Athletic Conference banned some of the lads from playing in this league because no bones were made about paying the boys a salary. This is something the ECAC frowns upon unless the college player holds another job, in addition to playing ball. The ban hurt for a while but baseball was even better in some instances, especially when Michigan State's Eddie Barbarito and Howie—everyone called him "Hammer"—Wikel (already graduated from Michigan U.) combined smart fielding and savage hitting to spark a pennant-winning Barre-Montpelier entry believed to have been the equal of any NL outfit since the days when a "buck" could go as far as a buggy.

This brings us up to date and back to "The League with the College Atmosphere" which will have its grand opening and, incidentally, its sixth birthday when this campus-catering circuit unfolds on Saturday, June 18. The Northern League, colorful, classy and cleanly operated, has out-lived all the others and, given the whole-hearted support of fans and those connected with baseball administration, it should have many birthdays ahead. It is nationally known and immensely popular today and has been an integral part of Vermont summers and a proving ground for college ball players with major league ambitions. Several factors are directly attributable to the league's attraction for the fan and for the kid from the campus. It is probably the fastest league of its kind in the country without claiming to have every collegiate star in the land. An important reason for this is that players play practically every day. Many mediocre athletes blossom into stars overnight because of the constant practice and daily application of their chosen trade. The climate is generally ideal and conducive to good baseball with few sultry days to sap player strength.

The coaching is excellent. Top coaches—men of sturdy character and knowledge of the game—pilot the various league

(Top) The baseball park in Montpelier, nestled under cool green hills with a municipal swimming pool close by, is a nice spot to spend an afternoon. (Center) Howard Wikel, left, and Ed Barbarito, right, helped Twin City to the pennant '47 and '48. (Bottom) Ray Fisher, Michigan University coach, manages Twin City.



entries and their presence alone is lure enough for the ambitious lad from the school of learning. When this article was written only four teams had announced their managers for the coming campaign. Johnny Smith from Rhode Island State, who has the Philadelphia Nationals flirting with his services, pitched and managed a cellar team at St. Albans into third place last year and returns again.

Clary Anderson, ex-Colgate luminary, who finished third in two tries with St. Johnsbury, was absent a year ago but is welcomed by the league this season in his new post as Burlington's manager. Notre Dame's Jake Kline is back for fling number five with Bennington and Michigan University's Ray Fisher starts his fourth straight year with Barre-Montpelier. Brattleboro will have a new pilot and Keene may settle for Overton Tremper, one of the loop's better field generals a year ago. St. Johnsbury is in the market for a new man and Rutland leans toward Ebba St. Claire, a burly, good ball playing individual who looks as if he stepped out of a California Redwood, color and all.

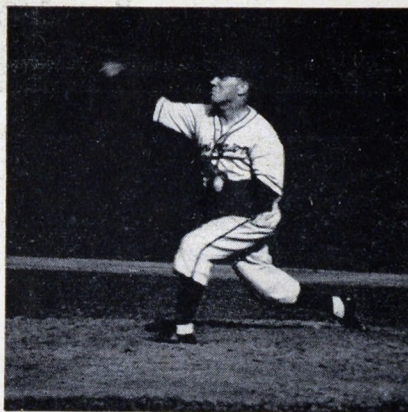
Kline and Fisher are old timers in the league. After the war Jake Kline copped the pennant in 1946 with his Bennington Generals in a belated dash for the flag, winning by a half-game from rival Ray Fisher's B-M team. Jake, who will mimic Ray at the drop of a faded fedora, was away from the scene in '47 but came back in '48 to finish in second place—you guessed it—right behind Ray. In the Spring Jake and Fisher fight it out on the collegiate baseball front but meanwhile the Vermont countryside waits anxiously for the pair to resume their colorful rivalry here in the summer.

Ray Fisher, called the "Old Fox" by some, has had astounding success since the war but he hasn't yet caught up with clowning Vin Clancy who wowed Northern League fans, along with his prototype, Bill Barrett, in the late thirties. Strident-voiced Vincent clowning his way around the league in such a manner that his antics overshadowed his capable leadership. His classic retorts aren't in the record books but his ability is duly recorded with a pennant for Plattsburgh in 1937, flags for Burlington in '38, '39, and '40 and a second-place berth in 1941.

Winning pennants in 1948 and 1947 and missing another by an eye-lash in '46 doesn't tell the whole story about Ray Fisher who has just completed 29 years of continued coaching success at Michigan University. During the three

years this writer has followed Fisher's Barre-Montpelier teams, his praises have been sung many times over by the men who played under him, even though he might drive a hard bargain during a contest. Pitchers, being one himself, are Ray's pet problems and his knowledge of how to set them right is uncanny. Yet, second baseman Eddie Barbarito, a Connecticut boy who is at his best with a bat in his hands and who participated in a double play record for the team last season, unhesitatingly attributes his adroitness at the pivot play to Fisher's constant drilling.

The Michigan coach, successor in that capacity to Branch Rickey who rules the



Jake Kline, coach at Notre Dame, and back for his fifth year as manager of Bennington team.

Brooklyn Dodgers, has been hailed as the finest pilot in the NL. Born in Middlebury, Vt., he attended the college there, taught school and married his school girl sweetheart, a familiar figure to the fans, who can swap baseball yarns with the best. Then followed a long stand as a top-flight twirler in the major leagues, including the Highlanders now known as the New York Yankees, and later with the Cincinnati Reds. After a whirl at World War I his coaching career began at Ann Arbor, Michigan. Ray hates to lose on the field of play but he is another man with the battle behind him. He doesn't smoke or imbibe, loves to fish, usually on Lake Champlain where he has a summer cottage, and his off-the-field manner would lead one to believe that he should have been perched on a pulpit instead of a pitcher's mound.

Northern League baseball lore becomes richer with each passing season. Many of its stars have had their names stamped in major league stardom while others lingered barely overnight in the "big time," settling for sawdust when all the time they wanted stardust. Still, Vermont

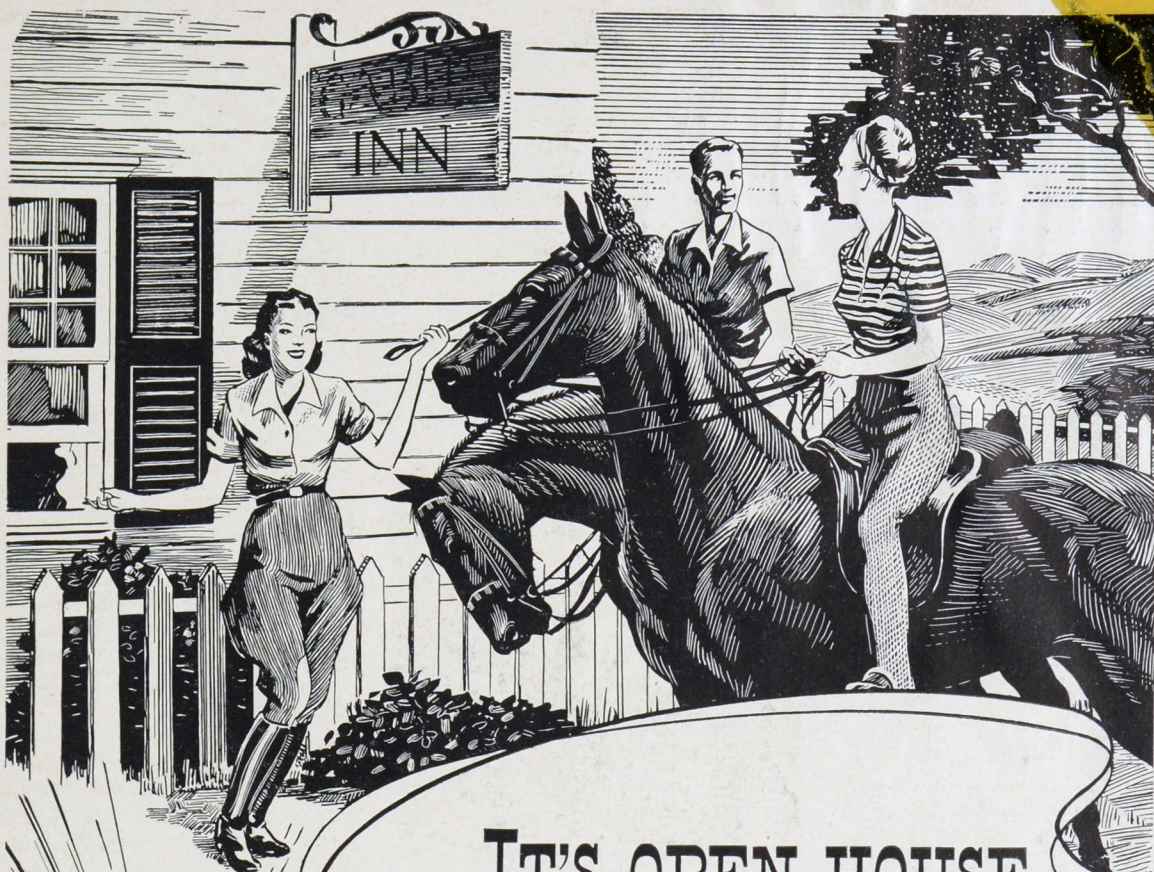
fans forever follow their trail with a distinct feeling of pride coupled with the warm glow of summer friendship.

Today in the major leagues, they follow "Snuffy" Stirnweiss and "Vic" Raschi who played with "Jeff" Tesreau's St. Albans Giants; Ferriss and Stobbs, Brattleboro; Bill McCahan, Bennington; Borowy, Saranac Lake; Sam Mele, Burlington; Bob Savage, Claremont; Ron Northey, Montpelier; Antonelli, Rutland; and Weisenburger and Roberts, Barre-Montpelier. Ralph LaPointe, a Winooski, Vt., boy was up with the Cardinals last season but is back in the minor leagues for more seasoning. "Walt" LanFranconi from Barre, Vt., saw service in this league and played a full season with the Boston Braves two years ago but the war and many bad breaks prevented the little hurler from reaching the major leagues at his peak.

Probably no other Northern League rookie ever made the jump to the major leagues quicker than did Robin Roberts who twirled for Barre-Montpelier in '46 and '47. Less than two months after joining a farm team of the Philadelphia Nationals, with whom he had signed for \$25,000, Roberts was in the major leagues pitching great ball and winning 7 games in his first crack at the National League class of batsmen. He still holds the NL record here with 18 wins and 3 losses (2 in relief roles) made in 1947. Roberts will always be a favorite in Vermont because he was big enough to blow a kiss back in this direction after scaling the heights in spectacular fashion. "I owe a great deal to Ray Fisher's long hours of coaching and a lot to the Northern League," was Robin's parting salute.

Little things make the Northern League as big as it is. It isn't a money-making proposition but primarily a community affair designed as a part of Vermont's summer recreation. Men from all walks of Vermont life assume the thankless task of running the baseball associations and raising necessary funds, often after a poor season at the gate. In some instances, where attendance has suffered, night ball has been introduced to attract the fan. Keene, N. H., will have night ball for the first time this season. Rutland and St. Johnsbury installed lamps a year ago. They don't marry people at home plate to get the customers out to the ball park—like some leagues—and they don't have a special parking lot for perambulators like others. But Vermonters have a very special sentimental corner for "The League with the College Atmosphere."

END



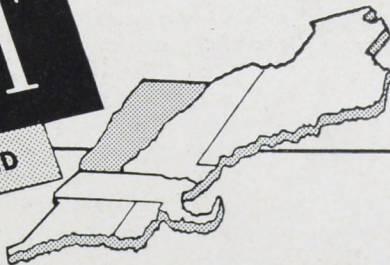
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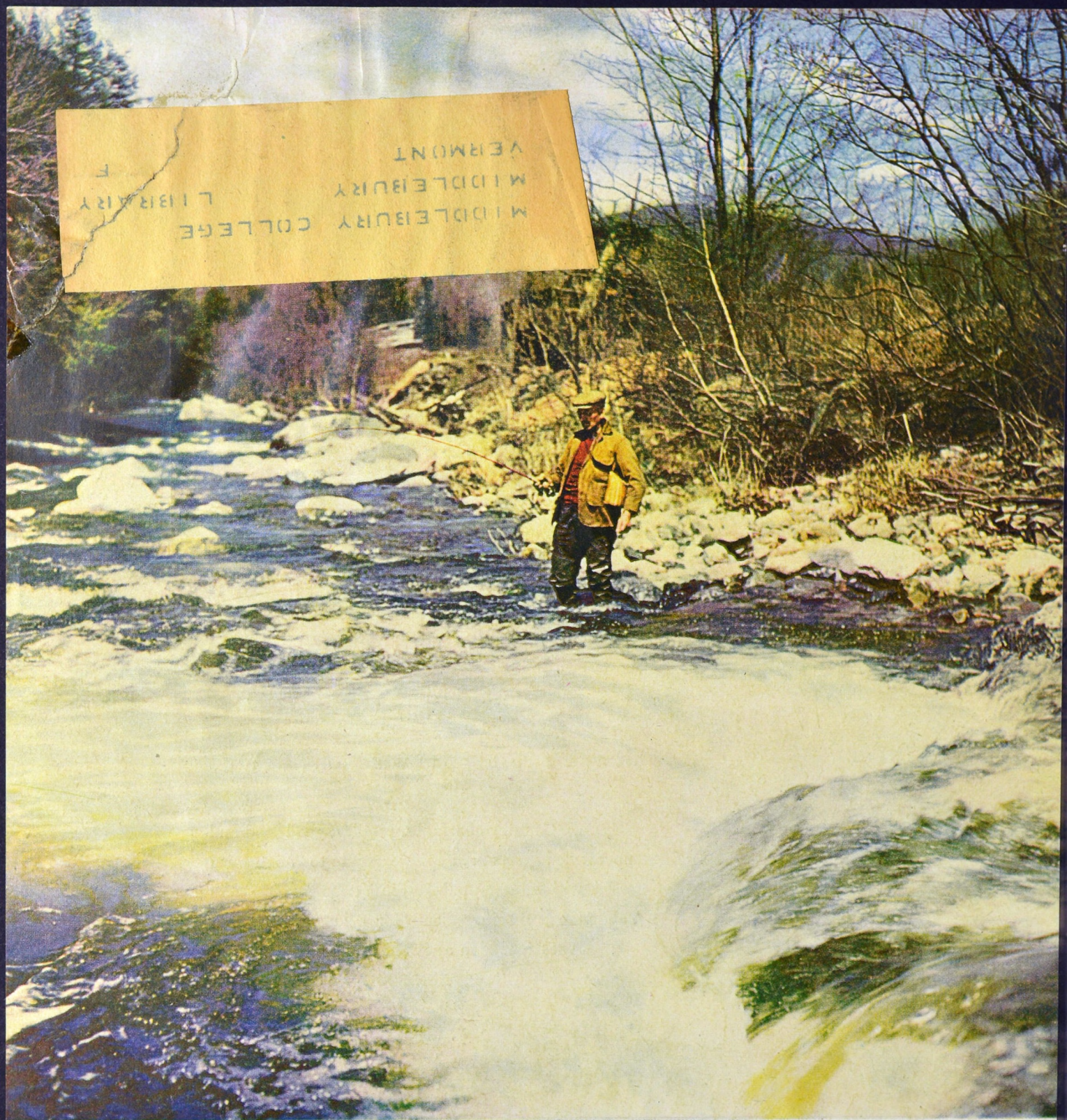
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